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The Week

Mr. Taft's action in the matter of the Russian treaty is characteristic. The terms in which he gave notice of our intention to do away with the agreement of 1832 yield no excuse for ill-feeling on the part of the Czar's Government. In stating that this country has completely outgrown the conditions prevailing at the time the treaty was framed, he gives temperate statement to an undeniable fact. To the man in the street, of course, there is a distinction without a difference in the method of the treaty's abrogation. But in diplomacy it is to be presumed that manner still counts. This does not mean that the observance of all the proper forms will leave the Russian Government quite content. In the spirit of its communications with our own Government, as in the utterances attributed to M. Sazonoff, Russia's Minister of Foreign Affairs, and other high officials, it is quite apparent that irritation does exist at St. Petersburg. And it is as well that it should be so. It is one thing to avoid unnecessary injury to the feelings of another Government; it is another thing to make it quite clear that we have a grievance, and that we are bound to have it rectified. As a matter of fact, results are in sight. M. Sazonoff is already credited with admitting that, while the present passport regulations cannot be changed, perhaps there has been injudicious application of those regulations on the part of Russian consuls abroad, who have refused their *visé* to "a large number of persons who in reality were acceptable."

The action of the House in passing the "dollar-a-day" pension bill, by a vote of 229 to 92, was a great folly, the chief responsibility and reproach for which must fall upon the Democratic majority. True, all the Republicans but eight voted for the bill, and eighty-four Democrats, including their leader, Mr. Underwood, against it, but the party in control of the House has the blame, as well as the praise, for what the House does. And this cowardly surrender of the Democrats to the pension machine,

this breaking away of frightened or scheming members from the advice and example of the party leaders, this act so full of insincerity and recklessness and the lowest kind of politics, cannot fail to shake the belief in the sanity and firmness of the new Democratic control and injure the standing of the party with the country. It will be set down as the first great Democratic blunder, on a national scale, since the election of 1910.

Mr. Underwood may well be disquieted by the signs that the Democrats in the House are getting out of hand in the matter of extravagant appropriations. He has expressed his fear that, unless some check be put to present tendencies, this Congress will prove to be the most lavish on record. After \$75,000,000 for pensions, it is now proposed to vote \$40,000,000 or \$50,000,000 for public buildings. Mr. Underwood's protest against this, when he appeared in person before the House committee, resulted in getting just two members on his side. The rest went with the Republicans in favor of going in for the old flag and a big appropriation. Yet there is no doubt that all these Democrats would be ready, at a moment's notice, to make glowing speeches in the House in praise of economy in the abstract. This makes a difficult situation for a leader like Mr. Underwood. It also points unmistakably once more to the viciousness of our system of financial control in Congress. There is no man or committee with power to say what money-bill shall be passed and what shall not. It was a fatal mistake to take away years ago from the Appropriations Committee the general control of the spending by the House.

The Vice-President's flag is gayly flung to the breeze in Tuesday morning's Washington dispatch to the New York *Tribune*, setting forth the Hon. James Schoolcraft Sherman's desire and determination to be the Republican candidate for Governor of New York in 1912. His reasons for such desire, we must acknowledge, are ample and convincing. He is tired of merely presiding over the Senate's sessions, he is anxious to obtain an office which will make greater

demands on his executive ability, he is seeking a vindication for the humiliation he received at Saratoga a year ago. The announcement, however, would have been more interesting if the reasons why the party should give him the nomination had been set forth, instead of the reasons why he wishes to get it. If parties were given to the practice of romantic magnanimity, a motive might be found in the circumstance that Mr. Sherman is one of the few men whose nomination would give Gov. Dix a fighting chance for a second term.

The Secretary of the Treasury's annual report, submitted to Congress on Monday, gives the first place of consideration to currency reform and the forthcoming Monetary Commission plan. Mr. MacVeagh is sanguine as to the prospects of early enactment of the pending reform proposals into law; he believes that the Commission's report will be so complete in suggestion and material that, "whether Congress shall adopt the recommendations of the Commission as a whole or not, there need be no further postponement of legislation." The country, he thinks, "has now largely and mainly agreed" on the direction of reform; "the nation has eradicated partisanship from this great business and social question," and "the persistent difficulties of monetary reform have almost entirely disappeared." In this statement of the case there is very much truth, and even people who doubt the probability of the enactment of such a law on the eve of a Presidential election, and who think that thorough and prolonged debate of any such measure is not only inevitable but most advisable, are aware that never since the Specie Resumption Act of 1875 has the outlook been so favorable for the judicious solution of this great problem within a reasonable time.

On one aspect of the contemplated legislation the Secretary has a weighty comment. "It is indispensable," he writes, "that the new law shall deny with great precision to any bank included within its provisions, whether national or State, the right to own stock in any other independent bank." He adds:

There is no immediate danger to be apprehended from such holdings; but now is the time to protect for the future the independence and individuality of the banks, and to forestall in their case the general tendency to the formation of undue combinations and Trusts.

Mr. MacVeagh might have gone so much further as to say that, unless a clearly prohibitory provision of this nature is inserted, the enactment of any law for the centralization of the banking resources of the country would be extremely doubtful. It is the imagined possibility of control, by a few strong banks or financiers, of the new system's extensive credit machinery, which has been the most formidable obstacle all along in the path of successful banking and currency reform. Such misgiving has found a voice not only among the people at large but among the interior banks, and the recent controversy over the holding-company device, whereby some of our powerful metropolitan banks held virtual controlling interest in a group of other banking institutions, was not calculated to allay it.

Secretary Meyer's advocacy of the sale or abandonment of nearly all the navy yards of the Atlantic Coast and their concentration in one great institution on Narragansett Bay can be readily defended on the ground of economy and efficiency. But already there is the greatest outcry against it on purely selfish grounds. The New York and Brooklyn Congressmen are "up in arms." The city of New York would like to get the navy yard out of the way, to use its valuable lands and docks for the purposes of peaceful commerce. The city badly needs more and better facilities for its ever-growing steamship traffic, and the navy yard as a yard has many disadvantages. But the Congressmen fear the political results of the move. Thousands of workmen might emigrate to Rhode Island, and think of the loss to Brooklyn trade which would result! It is a perfect illustration of the widespread popular attitude towards the Government so carefully fostered by the pension system and the protective tariff.

It is refreshing and decidedly wholesome to have the alleged economies of production by gigantic Trusts sharply and aggressively challenged, as by Mr. Brandeis last week before the Senate

Committee on Interstate Commerce. A great deal of easy-going assertion and slipshod thinking is current on the subject, and the air of superiority with which the assertions are usually put forward makes them go down with great numbers of people without any thinking at all. It is seldom that any attempt is made to furnish particulars which would substantiate the claim; and serious quantitative statements—anything that would even tend to show how great this alleged gain is, or whether the tendencies making for the gain were not already in full operation before the monopolizing process set in—are virtually never attempted. Moreover, there is an habitual confusion of thought—whether accidental or designed—between the issue of large-scale production as against small-scale production and the issue of monopoly against competition; to hear some of the Trust people talk, one would almost think that those who are skeptical about the necessity of the Steel Trust aim to abolish everything larger than the little old-time forge. Mr. Brandeis has plenty of competent economic opinion behind him when he asserts the underlying and permanent advantages of competition in spite of its admitted drawbacks, and earmarks the economic advantages of industrial monopoly as in large measure illusory, and also as in large measure transitory—calculated to be more than wiped out in the long run by the loss of that vitality which is an accompaniment of competition.

The stimulating atmosphere of Arizona is manifest not only in the enthusiasm with which the people of that nascent State embraced the idea of the recall of judges, but even in their way of eliminating that provision from their proposed Constitution. The vote to that effect, in the election just held, was almost unanimous; a result which, if it had taken place in the phlegmatic, if not effete, East, would be regarded as either a merely formal matter or as indicating a diminished devotion to the idea. Not so in Arizona. "The people of Arizona," says the Democratic State Chairman, "simply refused to endorse Taft's decision as to what kind of a Constitution Arizona should have, and while they voted to eliminate the recall from the Constitution, as they were obliged to do in order to gain State-

hood, they showed that the recall would be placed back in the Constitution as soon as it possibly could be done." Just how this determination was shown does not appear; but presumably the unanimity with which the recall was cut out of the Constitution was a sign of the eagerness with which they look forward to Statehood as a means of getting the recall. So much may be quite true; but is it not drawing it a little strong to say that the people "refused to submit to Taft's dictation"? The President did his exact duty, and no more, in refusing his assent to a Constitution which contained among its fundamental features a provision which he regarded as pernicious; but he explicitly recognized the fact that the people of Arizona could do as they pleased about it after they had become a full-fledged State. In other words, he was not, in any obnoxious sense, "dictating" to them at all; and in so far as he was dictating to them, they did not refuse to submit, but on the contrary submitted absolutely.

Chicago's recovery of that portion of the lake shore long held by the Illinois Central Railroad is an event of more than local interest. A fair and amicable agreement between the city and the company will make possible the construction of a boulevard from Jackson Park north to Grant Park, the erection of the Field Columbian Museum in the latter area, and in general the development of a part of the city long neglected. Especially will the lake front, after land has been made by filling and waterways opened, be made as attractive as nature seemed to intend. The arrangement now arrived at is in pursuance of the plans long urged to beautify Chicago. The situation seemed hopeless, but the railway finally had the grace and business sense to surrender its riparian rights for the whole distance of between four and five miles south of Twelfth Street. Mayor Harrison is well within the truth in describing the event as the biggest thing that has happened in or for Chicago since the World's Fair, of which, indeed, it is in a large measure one result.

The rounding of Mr. Bigelow's long life with sleep is in the order of nature, but nevertheless brings its shock. So many had come to think of him as an invincible figure, flinging a dart at Death it-

self! His cheerful and buoyant bearing at a great age seemed to promise many confident to-morrows. Intellectually active to the last, hopeful, inquiring, far from being shut up to live solely in the memory of past days, still warming both hands at the fire of life, he showed us an old age with scarcely any of the melancholy and depressing features that often go with it. Living in the active present though Mr. Bigelow always appeared to be, he yet could not avoid being regarded as a venerable and representative type of another time. His distinguished though simple bearing, his scrupulous politeness, his somewhat formal modes of speech and writing, all had the stamp of an elder day upon them. At any time these past thirty years he would have sprung to the general mind as a specimen as fine as one could adduce of a cultivated American gentleman. Then, too, he was wonderfully identified with his city, of all of whose modern growth he had been an eye-witness. He was eminently a New Yorker. To have stood for no more than all this would have been a great achievement. But when we remember how Mr. Bigelow carried his grand manner into intellectual pursuits and public services which alone would have marked him off from common men, and when we recall the indomitable vivacity and high spirit with which he carried the burden of years, as gallant at ninety-four as another Dandolo, we begin to perceive how the loss of him takes on national proportions. When Webster died it was said that to think of America without him would be like thinking of it without Niagara. There was none of this titanic force about Mr. Bigelow, but there was a loftiness and even majesty in his character which will make his disappearance seem like the fading from a familiar landscape of a snow-crowned mountain-peak.

In the programme of a meeting shortly to be held by a learned society we note the following from a description of a paper on Nietzsche:

The eternal value of some of his over 200 poems and the well-nigh inimitable excellence of his prose, added to his broad acquaintance with, and his original ideas on, art and history and philosophy lend to his criticisms an unnegligible if not indisputable authority. Yet Nietzsche's relation to philology in the uncommonly (*sic*) inclusive sense in which he used the term is a practically unworked mine.

There may be a deeper meaning in these words than first appears. Some of Shakespeare's most exalted if also most incoherent passages have inspired language like this, and "Sordello," along with other literary puzzles, has gone somewhat awkwardly to people's heads. But the present instance has avowedly to do with nothing more exciting than philology. Still, much can be wrought by patience, and already we begin to share the enthusiasm for the coming picture of a thousand times ten thousand scholars focussing their spectacles upon the magic of "Also sprach Zarathustra." The more one dwells upon the thought, the more one must feel that these words were all the time intended for philologists.

The House of Lords, in passing so promptly, without amendment and virtually without debate, the workmen's insurance bill, has not helped its standing with the English people. Just after the long and bitter fight for a Second Chamber with full revising powers over general legislation, we see the Lords incontinently refusing to exercise those powers. The opportunity was tempting and one might even say that the duty was plain. Lloyd George's bill, as it passed the Commons, was an infinitely complex measure, not all the provisions of which were clearly understood, and many of them had not been discussed. There was naturally a feeling among sober Englishmen that the Lords ought to go slow with so grave a piece of legislation. There is still a suspensive veto left to the Upper House, and men like Professor Dicey openly appealed for its use at this juncture. But all was in vain; and the Lords meekly did what they had previously done with the old-age pensions bill. Thus they give fresh point to the old taunt that they really have no intention of being a genuine revising body at all, but simply throw out what Liberal legislation they dare, and when a bill comes along which they fear is immensely popular, pass it without a murmur.

The coronation of George V as Emperor of India was signalized by the announcement of two highly important administrative changes, the virtual re-consolidation of Bengal under one Govern-

nor, and the transfer of the capital of India from Calcutta to Delhi. Something more than geography enters into both moves, although there are plenty of geographical reasons for the selection of Delhi. That city is situated almost exactly at the middle point of the base line of the inverted triangle which the Hindustan peninsula forms. It is a healthier city than Calcutta in the low-lying estuary of the Ganges, and much nearer to the summer capital, Simla, from which the government of India is carried on during a large part of the year. Historical associations also speak for Delhi, though the city did not come under British authority until 1803, while British Calcutta goes back to 1686. Delhi has the greater native prestige. It was the capital of the Mogul emperors under whom India attained its most brilliant development. At the height of its prosperity, Delhi contained two million inhabitants and was the most magnificent capital city in the world.

But it is the political aspect of the Durbar changes that is most important. The division of the old province of Bengal into the two provinces of Bengal and Eastern Bengal and Assam, effected six years ago under Lord Curzon's administration, was the definite cause of the outbreak of political unrest with which India has since then been troubled. The Hindu population was exasperated by the partition of what it regarded as its fatherland, and resentment against the British was accompanied by an upflare of racial animosity against the Mohammedans, who are numerically strong in Eastern Bengal. Indian agitation has centred among the Hindus, because this race supplies almost the entire educated native class from whom the professions and the native civil service are recruited. Consequently, it has been a part of British policy to win over the Mohammedan element to its support, and so to establish a counterbalance to Hindu disloyalty. The changes announced at the Durbar seek to placate both classes. In bringing the two Bengali provinces under a single head, an important concession has been made to Hindu sentiment. But in the removal of the capital to Delhi, the chief centre of Mohammedan influence, the non-Hindu element has been recognized.

A SQUARE DEAL FOR TAFT.

That there is ground for severe criticism of many of President Taft's acts may be admitted. That he has made thousands of Republicans lukewarm towards his renomination, and many actively hostile to it, is obvious. But even the President of the United States is entitled to fair play! And Mr. Taft is not getting it. During the last few weeks he has been subject not only to attack, but to gross misrepresentation. The process of belittling him has been carried to wholly unjustifiable extremes; and the result is really to belittle the men who are responsible for it. Distortion of the facts has been common, along with insinuation of bad motives. And there has been too much hitting below the belt, too much warfare against the President of the nature of sneaking ambush instead of a manly stand-up fight.

We are glad to see that something like a protest against these unhandsome methods has set in; and that a college professor has had the honor of taking the lead in it. At Madison, Wisconsin, on Saturday, Prof. A. B. Hall of the University called for fair play for Mr. Taft. Holding a chair in the department of political science, Professor Hall has to keep track of public events, and gives it as his deliberate opinion that never in the history of the country has there been an Executive who more rigorously enforced the law than President Taft. Himself a La Follette man, the Wisconsin professor has the decency thus to speak out against the kind of underhand misstatement and muttered fault-finding that have been current. Mr. Taft may not be a great President; it may not be wise for his party to nominate him again; but he is entitled, and the country is entitled, to have the case against him put fairly and openly. There has been far too much whispering and secret intriguing and cowardly assault willing to wound, but afraid to strike.

And it is now getting to be notorious, and the subject of comment in newspapers in various States, that it is the great clamor for the square deal who is treating President Taft in a way anything but square. There are many and diverse speculations about Mr. Roosevelt's motives and possible ambition in seeking to undermine Mr. Taft. Into those it is unnecessary to go. His acts are sufficient. Take the matter of the

anti-Taft meeting in Boston on Saturday night. It is known that the promoters of it had been in touch with Mr. Roosevelt. Before leaving Boston last week, he himself gave out a statement saying that he favored this movement to bring together the "Progressive Republicans" of New England, adding that it was not a question of putting forward any candidate, whether State or national. But does anybody suppose that Mr. Roosevelt is so simple-minded as to have believed that? He must have known exactly what would happen; that Mr. Gifford Pinchot would be the chief speaker and would say that Taft's nomination was impossible, and that the Progressives must rally to La Follette. The whole effect, and the whole intent, of the mass meeting was adverse to Taft, and this must have been from the first in the mind of everybody connected with it.

With this fact, however, we are not now so much concerned as with the implications of it. It does not stand alone. It goes with many other things to show that Mr. Roosevelt is deliberately allowing himself to be used against the President, and is allowing it ambiguously, equivocally, and not in the honorable and manly fashion which he has been forever advocating. No authorized statement has come from him further than an admission that he would not actively favor the nomination of Mr. Taft or of any other candidate; but there can be no doubt that his attitude goes beyond that, and is, and is understood by his friends to be, one of positive antagonism to the President. That in this he is perfectly within his rights, we do not for a moment think of denying. No one has uttered more glowing words in praise of Mr. Taft than Col. Roosevelt, but he has the right to withdraw them if he chooses to. It is not the question of his consistency that is disturbing, but of his fair dealing. Why does he not frankly state the grounds of his opposition to Taft? It is a public question. The debate is open. Let the Colonel come forward man-fashion, and tell us what he thinks. He surely cannot wish the country to believe him capable of a tortuous course, hinting a fault and hesitating dislike, and giving aid and comfort to men under cover, when all the while the square thing to do is to take a bold position in the open and meet all comers. One thing is cer-

tain, and some of Mr. Roosevelt's friends ought to apprise him of it, namely, that his present conduct is making the worst possible impression, causing many to believe, what they had never before been willing to credit, that Mr. Roosevelt's treatment of President Taft is so unfair and unmanly as to show that he is "in friendship false, implacable in hate." Some are even willing to complete the couplet and to add: "Resolved to ruin or to rule the state."

From all this, we think, President Taft's friends have little to fear except temporary embarrassment. The American love of fair play is not extinct. We go in for a great deal of political fighting, but we wish it to be with lawful weapons. In favor of any man persistently and wrongfully misrepresented and abused—especially if blows manifestly foul are dealt him—a reaction is certain to set in. Before the Presidential election is over, the people will pass upon Mr. Taft's actual merits. But for the time being there is warrant for the indignation which honest men cannot help feeling when they take note of the peculiarly despicable tactics which are employed against Mr. Taft.

RE-MAKING CITY GOVERNMENT.

The rejection of the commission form of government by Vancouver and Olympia lends emphasis to the evident suspension of judgment that has followed the first outburst of enthusiasm over the new system. This is the more notable since two of the largest cities in the State of Washington have been operating under the commission form for more than a year. It is a "home-rule" State, with a general provision allowing cities of 20,000 population and above to draft and adopt their own charters. To this law there was added by the last Legislature a general commission-charter law for cities of from 2,500 to 20,000 inhabitants. It is under this provision that the two cities named above have just refused to follow the example of Tacoma and Spokane. Whether the experience of Tacoma can be held accountable for the adverse vote it is impossible to say at this distance, but that city has not had a very happy time with its new form of government. The expenses of the city have gone up, and at a recent recall election not only the Mayor, but two of the four Councilmen, were retired. Spokane has been trying the com-

mission form for a briefer period, and it is too early to draw conclusions regarding its working there. But the results in Tacoma, particularly the eagerness with which its citizens have made use of the recall provision, have been widely published, and are undoubtedly among the forces that have brought about a pause in what for a while seemed a general turning to commission government.

At present, reckoning only the municipalities that conform to a fairly strict definition of the term, more than 160 cities have adopted the commission form. Most of these have done so in the last two years. Some account of the differences among them, and of the experiences that they have had with the system, is given in the last number of the *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science*. From this report, it appears that at least five features are found in all the commission laws. The fundamental one is the exercise of both legislative and administrative authority by the same governing body. Then, each member of this body is placed in charge of a division of the work of the city. The board is small, never having more than ten members, and usually not more than five. All the members are elected by all the voters of the city, and not by wards. Finally, in addition to methods of publicity, one or more devices of direct popular control are ordinarily included, such as the referendum, the initiative, and the recall. But apart from these items, there are wide variations of faith and practice, so wide, indeed, that the term "commission form" has been found insufficient, and we read of the Des Moines plan, the Grand Junction plan, the Staunton plan, and the Lockport proposal.

One of the cardinal points of divergence among these "plans" is over the question of the joint or several responsibility of the Commissioners. In Grand Junction, Col., it is pointed out that the election of Commissioners in a body, with power to apportion the offices among themselves after the election, opens the way to log-rolling and strife; that it makes possible the choice of the most popular candidates, each of whom might be well qualified for a certain one of the offices, and no one for any of the others. "Our plan," say the Grand Junctionists, "is far more democratic." Each

of the Commissioners is chosen separately as a candidate for a definite office, and thus the city gets the benefit of a corps of experts. This sounds convincing enough until one hears from Lockport, N. Y. Suppose, runs the argument, that the Commission, by a majority vote, has passed an ordinance providing for the repavement of the main thoroughfare. Suppose, further, that the Commissioner of Streets was not a member of the majority, and refuses to carry out its will. Is it not plain that nothing short of collective responsibility will solve the difficulty? And so Lockport has a City Council to act as a Board of Directors, with a City Manager, appointed by it, to look after the execution of its orders.

To the outsider this scheme has a squint backward towards the Mayor and Council organization. The Des Moines method in this matter of commission responsibility is still different, and its citizens do not display the certainty of success shown by the advocates of the other arrangements. The public in the Iowa city seem to have been actuated by opportunism, demanding, for instance, that a Commissioner should be allowed virtually unlimited right of selection of his subordinates when it had confidence in the men named, and taking an opposite position when the selections displeased it. Obviously, this is an unworkable principle. The importance of the problem of collective or individual responsibility is indicated by the statement that the controversy over it has developed the most acute personal and political antagonisms that have arisen in Des Moines since the inauguration of the commission form.

To the inquiry, How has commission government worked? it is impossible to return a categorical answer. This is true even in the case of the first city to adopt it. New Orleans, as long ago as 1870, obtained from the Legislature a new charter, vesting the powers of the city in a Mayor and seven Administrators. It seems incredible that a government which went on for twelve years should forty years later hang uncertainly between a favorable and an unfavorable verdict of history, but no one can say, in the face of the conflicting evidence, whether the repeal of the charter in 1882 was wise or not. Nor is the experience of Galveston at all conclusive. As a local observer re-

marks, "Even without a commission form of government Galveston would necessarily have had a reform government after the storm." And in many of the later instances, success has apparently been due, in part at least, to the interest taken in the plan by the first Commissioners, who were among its most ardent advocates, while failure is attributed, in some measure, to the "bad start" given it by unfortunate choices at the initial election. There is complaint that "neither the electorate nor the Council are sufficiently impressed with the great necessity of efficiency in the selection of men for public positions." Little help is got from the saying that "much will depend upon the intelligence, the alertness, the ideals of the electorate," or in William Penn's generalization that "there is hardly one frame of government in the world so ill-designed by its first founders that, in good hands, would not do well enough; and story tells us, the best, in ill ones, can do nothing that is great or good." We must wait for more definite results of the experiment.

EFFICIENCY IN THE ARMY.

The first report of any new Secretary of War is always read with interest by the service, usually in order to see how far that official has been taken into camp by the powers that be in the War Department. Tremendous is the influence of the Chief of Staff and the Adjutant-General; they are firmly entrenched; they know the army from A to Z; they are masters of red tape and have resources of information and experience at their command to overwhelm the doubts of any gentleman who quits his law-books in Tennessee or the pastime of sending bank-wreckers to jail in New York in order to head, for a more or less brief period, the military machine. Rarely is it given to one like Mr. Root to think for himself and to see with his own eyes. Usually it is the voice of the Chief of Staff that is heard, and not that of the Secretary. It is interesting to note, therefore, in Mr. Stimson's report, whether it is due to the Chief of Staff or to the Secretary himself, that his attention has evidently been drawn to some of the real weaknesses of the service, and particularly to its costliness.

It has long been noted by observers within and without the service that in

the construction and location of army posts the one aim and object of Congress has been to place them where they will do the most good politically. Next, the object of the War Department has been to construct posts entirely unlike any other army stations that we have ever heard of. Elaborate suburban villages are created in the outskirts of great cities, planned, according to one of the most brilliant officers in the service, "exclusively for the benefit of the camp-followers"—the women and children. It being the people's money, such a thing as economy has been unknown, and the real objective—the hardening and training of soldiers—has been entirely lost sight of.

Mr. Stimson estimates that fully \$94,000,000 has been spent upon our present "ineffective and expensive" system of army posts. He sees clearly that to strike at it is to invite the same political enmity which Secretary Meyer is encountering in his efforts to consolidate the navy yards. As Mr. Stimson puts it: "The source of profit which each post furnishes to neighboring communities causes a local pressure against any change in location and brings constant influence to bear towards further expenditures in that locality." Nevertheless, as he says, some steps are being taken—to save a few pennies where millions could be saved. Thus a waste of \$245,000 has been cut off by changing for the third time to a system of territorial divisions for administrative purposes—a form of concentration and decentralization. The amazing discovery has been made that cavalry cannot drill in winter in the deep snows of Montana and the Dakotas, and—with almost scientific intelligence—it has been similarly discovered that if the cavalry were stationed in Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona, they could use their horses throughout the year. Finally, Mr. Stimson points with pride to another discovery—that those officers and critics were right who have for twenty-five years insisted that weak companies were a source of military weakness and economic waste, and that large regiments mean "tremendously increased morale, interest, and enthusiasm."

After this striking demonstration that the world does move, even in the War Department, is it too much to hope that later on Mr. Stimson will give us still further and more radical recommenda-

tions for cutting out waste? Some army officers believe that the cost of the service could be reduced 50 per cent., and the efficiency at the same time increased. Thus, Mr. Stimson may yet come to the conclusion that regiments should be in barracks in cities, and that the Government should not concern itself, except at foreign stations, with the housing of women and children. The necessity for this passed away with the building up of the West and the ending of the Indian wars. It has already been brought to Mr. Stimson's attention that by a conservative estimate we pay "for effective riflemen between two and five times as much as any first-class Power on the continent of Europe . . . after excluding from the comparison the higher pay and subsistence which our soldiers receive." Again, in his endorsement of the efficiency or scientific management introduced at the Watertown Arsenal, Mr. Stimson puts his finger on somewhat the same evil which has aroused Secretary Meyer in his administration of the navy. And his endorsement of the long-urged consolidation of the Quartermaster's, Subsistence, and Pay Departments into one supply department is also noteworthy.

But when all is said and done, the Secretary of War himself can do most to bring about that spirit throughout the service which will regard Government money as trust funds. In establishing a committee in the War Department to cooperate with the central Washington Commission on Efficiency, Mr. Stimson has taken perhaps the most important step towards reform. Like some of his predecessors, he has found that army retiring and examining boards do not do their duty by the Government, but consider what they think are the "vested rights" of officers rather than the welfare of the service. If he will go a little deeper into the matter he will find that this laxity is in the last analysis due to the fact that politics in the War Department has often so flagrantly overruled the findings of such boards as to give the officers composing them, quite naturally, a false idea of the trust imposed upon them. This can never be eradicated until the War Department is itself beyond the reach of influence and without respect for the "vested interests" of the politicians. So in regard to efficiency and the saving of money; the example must come primarily from

the War Department itself, not from the individual officer, nor even from Congress. The powers of the Secretary of War are enormous. Let him grapple with his swollen estimates himself and insist upon his bureau chiefs cutting them far down; let him end the waste of unnecessary officers—so many of whom are now on recruiting details, detached duty, and instructing schoolboys—to mention only two of many matters that lie at his elbow. Then he will quickly find that officialdom as a whole will respond to the example of economy.

WORKINGMEN'S INSURANCE IN GERMANY.

Under the title, "The Practical Results of Workingmen's Insurance in Germany," Dr. Ferdinand Friedensburg, lately retired as president of the Senate in the Imperial German Insurance Office, has published a brochure which is nothing less than an amazing indictment of the working of the system. References to it have already appeared in the cables, but the complete translation made by Dr. Louis H. Gray, which lies before us, is even more sweeping than we had been led to expect. Dr. Friedensburg plainly writes, not to injure the service from which he has just honorably retired, but with the purpose of pointing out certain grave evils which he desires remedied. That the Reichstag, at its recent session, passed some legislation amending the existing laws, is in itself proof, were any needed, that the system so often heralded as beyond criticism is very far from being so.

No amendments can ever go to the psychology of the situation, or alter the fact that the establishment of this pension system, with its demoralization and pauperization of those classes to which it applies, is on all fours with our own military-pension experience. We are inclined to say that every kind of pension fraud known in this country is paralleled in Dr. Friedensburg's exposure. It seems to be in the nature of public pensions to make liars of all who have to do with them. As Dr. Friedensburg tells the story:

Pension lies unblushingly involve even family life. Attempts are made, ever and again, to transform the wife into the employee of her husband, and the husband into the employee of his wife, as circumstances may demand; brothers and sisters become servants; and even children not yet four years old are alleged to be regularly employed in agricultural pursuits. In

his old age the man who has retired from active life again becomes a ploughboy, and the mother-in-law who has been received into the household is metamorphosed into a nurse-girl. This latter transformation became especially popular since, when the invalid and old-age insurance law went into effect on January 1, 1891, persons who had already reached the age of seventy could receive pensions only after proof that they had been engaged in an occupation entitling them to insurance within the three years previous.

Every child killed, Dr. Friedensburg reports, was the "sole support" of his parents, "gave his parents every pfennig he had, and himself lived on air." A farmer injured going to church to pray for rain insisted that he was engaged in an agricultural pursuit, and therefore entitled to a pension. A peasant who had infected a finger while undressing her child insisted that the undressing was an agricultural pursuit, since the child kept the geese!

Every possible device is thought of to obtain pension money. Precisely as with us, the pecuniary condition of the pensioner is not touched upon; he may, after the loss of one eye, be as well paid as before, but he draws his pension just the same, as do our millionaire military pensioners. Naturally, the cost of pensions has gone far beyond anything dreamed of. In 1886 the accidents reported were 100,159, and damages were awarded in 10,540 cases; in 1908 these figures were 662,321 and 142,965, respectively. Between 1888 and 1908 the cost of the indemnities rose from \$1,475,000 to \$38,775,000. To administer this vast business there were in 1909-10, in addition to a president and two directors in the Imperial Insurance Office, sixty-three high officials, besides an army of clerks, while the number of associate justices had risen from four to ninety-nine, the cost of the Imperial Office alone being \$650,000. As in the Pension Bureau in Washington, the tendency is to stretch every possible point in favor of the applicant:

Documents are searched—or, at least, should be—with the utmost meticulousity, on the chance that some point may still bear "interpretation" in favor of the insured; expert opinion is heaped on expert opinion, often with the additional requirement of tedious hospital observation of the person alleging injury, especially in the case of one of the many neuroses which it is so much the fashion to claim to be the results of accidents.

Not unnaturally, the sober business men of Germany—those who are responsible for her wonderful industrial prog-

ress—are appalled at the increasing pension burdens of a country which is staggering under the heaviest military burdens in Europe. It must soon, according to the Essen Chamber of Commerce, "reckon with a burden of about \$312,500,000 each year laid upon [her] industrial activity simply and solely for purposes of social insurance." Elberfeld and Lübeck are other towns that see in the excessive character of these insurance burdens a growing menace to Germany's vast foreign trade. Moreover, Dr. Friedensburg reports, there is nowhere left a trace of that fine glow of social and philanthropic enthusiasm "which once greeted the new institution." Everybody who possibly can do so endeavors to escape from the burdens of insurance. There is endless red-tape, and endless officials travel up and down the country inspecting, "controlling," and being controlled. Insurance has developed "to an incredible extent the German evil of bureaucratic formalism." In the provinces the best voluntary social workers "have withdrawn in disgust."

Convictions for pension frauds are as rare in Germany as in this country. To try everybody who makes false claims would mean the trebling of the courts and prosecuting attorneys, and the juries as it is are untrustworthy—one has acquitted, on the ground of "involuntary" falsehood, a magistrate who perjured himself on the promise of obtaining part of the pension, to the justice of which he certified. Politically, too, the parallel with the United States seems perfect. There are increasing promises from several parties that they will "perfect" workingmen's insurance—always by widening its basis and letting down the bars, although what has been done has by no means accomplished the social revolution its authors believed certain. Social unhappiness and unrest are greater than ever before; and the workman, of course, feels the effect of the enormous financial burdens. Incalculable good, Dr. Friedensburg insists, has been accomplished; he still believes in the policy. But, as he puts it, the underlying legal, ethical, and material considerations have been hopelessly confused, and at the root of all is the way the pensions have become "an all-pervading cancer that is destroying the vitals of our state."

SCIENTIFIC WORTHIES.

To those who are whirled along in the maelstrom of politics or business, the contemplation of a life like that of Sir Joseph Donald Hooker, who died on Monday of last week at the age of ninety-four, can hardly fail to bring a pang of envy. A life of consistent and loving devotion to the pursuit of knowledge in a field to which he was drawn by the strongest predilection, and which, in the particular case of Hooker, was rendered doubly attractive by association with the work of his distinguished father; a life of tranquillity and serenity so far as regards all human relations, and yet of stirring experiences in travel and adventure, of stimulating participation in a great intellectual movement that has affected the thought of all the world, and of large and signal achievement attained through strenuous labor in his own particular domain; a life of beautiful friendships, of elevating associations with the finest minds of his time—such a life, extending from earliest manhood almost to the rounding out of a century, is surely one of the happiest, and one of the most substantially satisfactory, that the world affords.

Not long ago—in connection, we believe, with the celebration of the centenary of Charles Darwin and the semi-centenary of the "Origin of Species"—the question was mooted, and discussed in many quarters, whether America was producing a Darwin. The question, we take it, was essentially whether the conditions in our American colleges and universities, and in American life generally, were such as to favor the maturing of a great intellect and a great idea through quiet and patient brooding, through labors and aspirations independent of the mechanism of ordinary reward and recognition, through that kind of direction given to intellectual interests and to intellectual striving with which routine arrangements, however admirable, have nothing to do. But it is not only with reference to the development of a world-leader like Darwin, or the production of an achievement like the "Origin of Species," that this kind of question is pertinent. Within little more than eighteen months, three English men of science of high eminence have died, each of them at an age not far from four-score and ten—Huggins in his eighty-seventh year, Gal-

ton in his eighty-ninth, and now Hooker after passing the age of ninety-four. No one of these men belongs to the class of Darwin or Newton; but each of them made highly important contributions to the progress of science. And each of them was born to circumstances of ease and plenty, and followed, according to his own bent, with no artificial stimulus and without the spur of necessity, the researches to which his own nature impelled him. The same thing is not literally, but is essentially, true of Alfred Russel Wallace, who shared with Darwin the honor of the promulgation of the doctrine of natural selection, and who now, at the age of eighty-eight, is the last, or almost the last, survivor of that group of scientific writers and thinkers which contributed so much to making the mid-Victorian era a glorious period in English history.

The type that such men represent is one whose value to the world, as well as the felicity and satisfaction of their own lives, it is not the fashion of our day to appreciate. Partly in the sense in which Emerson meant it, and partly in a different and a more worthy sense, "things are in the saddle, and ride mankind." Not many years ago it was the dazzling achievements, or supposed achievements, of the "captains of industry," that filled the public imagination, at least in this country; in more recent times there has been a remarkable awakening to the needs of the poorer classes of the community, and attention has been centred upon the possibilities of ameliorating their situation both through governmental measures and through private exertions. But in all this—and it would be idle to imagine that the fierce pursuit of wealth and luxury and capitalistic power has surrendered its place to the cultivation of humane endeavor—the centre of attention is immediately tangible benefit, or at most a not very remote good of a distinctly material character. The most worldly and the most spiritual-minded alike have their thoughts bent on aims which make the serene though strenuous pursuit of knowledge for its own sake seem pale and ineffectual.

It is a fine tradition of which the great botanist who has just passed away was one of the finest illustrations; and it must be the hope of every man of breadth and culture that the type which he represented, and which has had many

worthy representatives of lesser note, will be continued and cherished, whatever changes these new times may bring about.

GIDEON WELLES AND HIS DIARY.

It has long been known to writers on the history of the Civil War that Gideon Welles kept a diary, but it is doubtful if any of them ever had free access to it. When, two or three years ago, the *Atlantic Monthly* began to print extensive portions of it, public interest was at once aroused. Naturally this disclosure of about one-fourth of the diary did not satisfy scholars, many of whom urgently called for the whole in book form. Unfortunately, this has not been fully granted, for there are above seventy omissions in the "Diary" as here published—it begins in 1862, the second year of Lincoln's Administration, and extends into the first year of Grant's, in 1869.* Whether these suppressions are in the interest of the diarist or of the persons referred to, has not been vouchsafed to us; it is certain that they have not been made in the interest of history, for history abhors concealments, as nature does a vacuum.

I.

If the commonly accepted theory is correct, that a man without special technical training but with certain natural aptitudes and administrative ability, is best suited to be Secretary of the Navy, then Gideon Welles was well equipped for the position to which Lincoln appointed him. There were prodigious tasks for the War, the Treasury, the Navy, and the State Departments. The War Department was the most difficult to administer, and the Navy Department came either second or third. Although not the ablest of the four Secretaries, Welles was the best administrator, and, in proportion to the difficulties, the most wisely resourceful and least deserving of criticism.

His experience and talents give portions of his "Diary" great value. He had edited the *Hartford Times* for about ten years and had served seven years in the Connecticut Legislature; then in turn he was Postmaster of Hartford, State Controller, chief of the bureau of provisions and clothing in the Navy Department, Republican candidate for Governor, member of the Republican National Committee, and otherwise prominent in the councils of the Republican party from its formation. He had improved his opportunities to study public men and public questions. He was master of a style that is always clear and forceful and, in antitheses and epigrammatic criticism, is often brilliant. He was incapable of falsehood or trick-

ery; was wholly detached from selfish schemes and unworthy ambitions; and he loathed jobbery, political spoils, and the demoralizing pleas of politicians. In these respects Seward, Chase, and Stanton were not to be compared with him, and Lincoln himself was not his superior.

On account of his strict constructionist principles, his mental integrity and freedom from opportunism, he and Seward were often in sharp conflict. In the few cases where he went wrong it was because he could not escape an almost universal contagion of passionate thinking. The popular outburst of applause of Wilkes's action in the Trent affair was too much for Welles to withstand. And more than once he was as wild as Seward in his readiness to go to war with Great Britain, although our resources were already overtaxed. He favored closing the Southern ports, instead of blockading them, so as to avoid the question of belligerency. But after the blockade was declared, he opposed making any exceptions to its strict maintenance, there must be no special privileges to pass it, and when blockade-runners were captured, if they carried the mail bags of a foreign country, these should be sent to the prize courts as a part of the evidence. He stood firmly and successfully against the wish of the Secretary of State to issue letters of marque, for he believed that they would be both useless and dangerous. His logic more than once defeated Seward's superior adroitness and special pleas of expediency. Because he held so rigidly to his principles, he was often spoken of with semi-ridicule; and if we add, rightly so, the paradox will soon become clear.

These qualities bespeak the moral man, but not the statesman, especially in time of revolution, when success is so desperately needed that principles must often yield to expediency, as laws yield to arms. While Welles kept his own counsel and resented interference, he had a prying curiosity and a ready criticism if it was not satisfied. Although wholly lacking in the philosophical and imaginative faculty to put himself in the place of others, he daily acted as if he understood their motives as clearly as their spoken words. Charity and humor were alike foreign to his nature. In his world of rigid morality, the two things that were of supreme importance were his principles and his conscience. Whoever disagreed with these was instantly condemned as being wrong knowingly and for a base purpose.

II.

Happily his attitude towards a few persons and many subjects was not much affected by these peculiarities. Presidents Lincoln and Johnson escaped for the double reason that they were his superiors and he had scapegoats for them. Except as affected by the chang-

**Diary of Gideon Welles.* Three volumes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$10 net.

ed circumstances, the Lincoln of the "Diary" is the crude, resourceful, sympathetic, and ingenious Illinois lawyer-politician described by Herndon, and very different from the Lincoln of tradition and of the over-wrought canvas of Nicolay and Hay. His strong and his weak qualities are about equally apparent. He often hesitated and sometimes vacillated. At one time he would shun responsibilities and allow others wrongly to assume them; then when others were most timid, he feared no responsibility or risk. He was conspicuously lacking in system and administrative ability. Instead of having, as Bates urged, a telegraph operator and military and naval aides at hand to supply the latest news and relieve him of all possible details, he often went about calling on his Secretaries and Generals Scott, McClellan, and Halleck, and more than once begged in vain for withheld information. When important battles were expected or were fighting, he spent long hours of anxious, idle waiting at the War Department, as if dependent on the favor of the all-thundering Stanton and the subtle pretender, Halleck. But his honesty, his eager openmindedness, his frankness in explaining his perplexities, his simplicity, his charity, and his wonderful acuteness when his natural lassitude was overcome, explain why he is the best loved of our heroes.

It has rarely been possible to define the often very important influences resulting from Cabinet councils. Were the leading ideas and policies of an Administration original with the President or with one or more members of his Cabinet? Except in the diaries of John Quincy Adams and of President Polk, there were but relatively few full accounts of Cabinet meetings, save when written opinions were asked for. The chiefs of the departments are indeed the President's advisers; but it is optional with him whether he shall call for their advice or even consider it if called for. The purpose of giving the President a Cabinet was to increase his resources. Lincoln was bound to find a method by which the wisdom of his seven Secretaries could be fused with his own. The tangle of circumstances was a good excuse for a time only. Seward and Stanton each often acted on the theory that it was important for him secretly, and without a real consultation even with the President, to develop and carry out plans of the greatest importance and leave his colleagues to blunder in darkness. If these chosen wise men were not wise enough to keep secrets and be helpful, Lincoln should have disciplined them or reorganized his Cabinet. Each Secretary, especially in a period of excitement and frequent changes, also needs advisers. The President and the Cabinet, on account of common interests and public welfare, should be the safest advisers to one another. With-

out this coöperation the whole Administration will suffer.

Both Lincoln's and Johnson's Cabinets perfectly illustrated what is inevitable when there is no master to gather the different reins into one strong, dexterous hand. It may shock our pet traditions, but it is true nevertheless, that President Polk was masterful and effective in his Cabinet councils, whereas Lincoln was often haphazard and ineffective with his. At first the Secretary of State, instead of the President, called the Cabinet meetings, and at odd times. After regular days were appointed, the proceedings were often a mockery. At least three of the seven Secretaries were commonly absent, and any who came might whisper with the President or with a favorite colleague about the most important questions and leave as soon as it suited his whim. Again and again Seward, Stanton, or Chase was alleged to have remained away because he wished to prevent the Cabinet from knowing his plans. We may not say that Seward was a law unto himself—but only because he was so lawless. Stanton's semi-barbarous energy and indomitable will might have been twice as successful if he had been compelled to formulate his plans, and hear them criticised in a genuine Cabinet council. This might even have lessened his violence and improved his manners. Because all the Secretaries suffered from lack of sympathetic criticism and help, they were almost constantly saying and doing injurious things that otherwise would have been hardly possible. The Cabinet crisis precipitated by the attempt of Republican Senators in December, 1862, to induce Lincoln to get rid of Seward, because he was held responsible for the lack of an harmonious and vigorous policy, was at least partly caused by the notorious complaints of Secretaries. Lincoln and one or more of the Cabinet denied the charges. The "Diary" gives ample evidence that the charges were believed by at least several Secretaries. One entry just after the crisis speaks for itself:

Montgomery Blair is confident that Stanton has been instrumental in getting up this movement against Seward to screen himself, and turn attention from the management of the War Department. There may be something in this surmise of Blair; but I am inclined to think that Chase, Stanton, and Caleb Smith have each, but without concert, participated. If not directly, by expressions of discontent to their Senatorial intimates. Chase and Smith, I know, are a good deal dissatisfied with Seward and have not hesitated to make known their feelings in some quarters, though, I apprehend, not to the President. . . . Stanton is, by nature, an intriguer, courts favor, is not faithful in his friendships, is given to secret, underhand combinations. His obligations to Seward are great, but would not deter him from raising a breeze against Seward to favor himself. Chase and Seward entered the Cabinet as

rivals, and in cold courtesy have so continued. (I. 203.)

Our diarist gives scores of glimpses of absurd Cabinet meetings and of the bickerings and almost slanderous gossipings among the Secretaries. Welles's talent for criticism and his fondness for receiving and recording evil reports were besetting sins. Every member of the Cabinet, excepting Seward, at one time or another, and some of them often, poured out his unfavorable opinions of his colleagues, and Welles strove to preserve them as if they were fine wines of ancient vintage. Montgomery Blair—who to Welles seemed to be a political knight-errant, and whose intelligence gave him the remarkable distinction of being the only member of the Cabinet who from the first had correct opinions about holding Fort Sumter and in regard to surrendering Mason and Slidell—was Welles's most generous fountain. Whenever they chanced to be by themselves they straightway fell to berating their associates. Blair despised Seward, but he loathed Stanton, and never hesitated to repeat his reasons, which would have been good if they had been as true as he believed. After he and Welles had joined in a sympathetic dialogue damning Seward and Stanton, they usually added a few touches for one or more members of the Cabinet, not neglecting the President, as evidence of their impartiality. Then Welles heroically burnt the midnight oil, making a precious record of it.

III.

One of the great objections to war is that brutality and his gluttonous brother, corruption, both thrive by it. The general facts are notorious, but the details are hard to get at. Welles presents specially valuable information and observations on such subjects as the corrupt jobs associated with the enormous and necessarily hasty naval contracts, the practices of high public officials in removing opponents and permitting the levy of forced partisan contributions on officeholders. Whenever the navy had a large contract to make there was a swarming of politicians seeking by special pleas to gain favors for their clients, their city, or State. In the hurlyburly it was impossible to detect perhaps more than a very small part of the corruption. But Secretary Welles was determined and relentless. No sooner had he gathered conclusive evidence and started to prosecute the greatest scoundrels than he became the object first of all sorts of pleas, then of warnings, then of threats, and finally of the most bitter and unscrupulous attacks. There is a fellowship and freemasonry in politics that is often carried to an extent that closely resembles the fellowship of law-breakers and plunderers. By misrepresentation and indirection, by reminders of services rendered or by hints of oppo-

sition in the future, men of the highest supposed character were enlisted to shield the worst offenders. So strong did the united influences become that Lincoln himself sometimes felt that he had to compromise in order not to hazard interests which were really more important to the public welfare.

During political campaigns there was a constant swarming of State delegations and of members of political committees first requesting, then demanding, the removal of good and responsible men from their positions in the navy yards, so that the politicians could put their political vassals in the places of competent mechanics. If Welles's positive and inglorious "no" drove them off, they soon returned with reinforcements. As the fears of Democratic success increased, these spoilsmen—of whom Henry J. Raymond is pictured as the most shameless, but perhaps only because of his conspicuous and responsible campaign position—came closer and closer, even asking a \$500 contribution from the Secretary himself and insisting on countless removals and forced contributions. If Welles then in any manner yielded with his left hand, his right hand was not allowed to record it. Only during the last years of his Secretaryship, when sympathizers with Radicals were imagined to be as unfit to hold office as the secessionists of earlier years, did Welles allow some proscription. But probably the cases were so few, and perhaps not without excuse, that they do not seriously damage his earlier example.

IV.

Lincoln, Johnson, Foote, Farragut, Preston King, Senator Doolittle, the Blairs, and Assistant Secretary of the Navy Fox, were about the only persons Welles really approved of. His sketch of Farragut is written, as Wendell Phillips would have said, with a pen dipped in truth and sunshine; it leaves nothing to be desired. Farragut was his pride, his lasting enthusiasm, his friend, and the honors were mutual. The references to President Johnson are most enlightening. Although there are but occasional sentences, and now and then a paragraph, scattered through four years, they make a vivid impression. If we focus these scattered lines and contemplate the figure, until it takes on life and renews its struggles, and if we then honestly, generously, imagine ourselves, with Johnson's antecedents and limitations, subjected to his trials, we get a new conception of the man and see perhaps the most pathetic character in American history. He was a strange mixture of strong and of weak qualities that doomed him to failure and temporary infamy. Throughout Johnson's Administration, the "Diary" continues to give interesting details of Cabinet doings and failings. And there are full and vivid pictures showing what John-

son and his Cabinet thought of the various phases of Reconstruction and of the impeachment trial.

Unfortunately Welles's narrow and unphilosophic mind usually caused him to sketch his political contemporaries with the pen of a pessimist. Except in such cases as have been noticed and when he communed with his conscience, contemplated his own high purposes or heard the grateful praise of a few close friends—and in none of these did any vain illusions lead him from the path of truth—his "Diary" indicates that he regarded this as a world of the worst possible politicians. He could not conceive of circumstances and an honorable point of view different from his own. What was his greatest weakness he believed to be his greatest strength—attributing and then judging the motives of others. Consequently his judgments were often outrageously unjust. His castigations of John P. Hale, Dahlgren, Wilkes, DuPont, Halleck, Chase, Seward, Stanton, Greeley, Raymond, and the New York press generally and individually, Sumner, Colfax, E. B. Washburne, Seymour, Weed, and many others, would more become a ranting copperhead than a dignified Secretary.

The heroic period of denunciation was when the radical devils of the impeachment trial were dealt with in "a crescendo movement of vituperation." And as for their leader, Thaddeus Stevens, he is represented as a physical and moral monstrosity, a prodigy of iniquity. But from first to last, the two favorite objects of Welles's insatiable hatred were Seward and Stanton. In the course of his service with Seward, throughout two Administrations, and almost as long with Stanton, he had hardly one unstinted commendation for either. Each of them early in Cabinet days seriously intruded upon the rights of the Secretary of the Navy. Later Seward and Stanton at least occasionally interfered with or slighted him. He waxed more and more frantic until he displays what might be called literary rables. Was Seward absent when the impeachment trial was about to begin? It must be to escape responsibility, for he was always running off when danger arose. But, in fact, he was in New York to gather money needed to help pay President Johnson's lawyers. Even while he was patiently working out his greatest diplomatic success and the best possible solution for one of the hardest problems of his Secretaryship—the peaceable expulsion of the French from Mexico, notwithstanding our army unanimously desired war with France and the American people would have applauded it—Welles had nothing but slurs and pessimistic criticisms.

V.

The pathetic climax of Welles's almost suicidal weakness was shown in

his attitude towards Grant. His early judgments were accurate. But when the angry contest between Johnson and the Radicals was at its height and Grant was an unwilling lever for the removal of Stanton from the War Department, Welles discovered more and more base qualities in the Lieutenant-General. Unfortunately, Grant did not keep his promise to give Johnson due notice before surrendering his position as temporary substitute for Stanton, after Stanton had been suspended. Welles was quite incapable of understanding how Grant's natural dulness, simplicity of character, and impressionability made it possible for him to do what men of greater intelligence could not have done without warranting some of Welles's charges. Grant's violation of his promise does not involve one-tenth the turpitude that is alleged. As Welles had made a record of Grant's almost childish notion that every law of Congress must be obeyed regardless of the Constitution, he should have foreseen that Grant would side with Stanton, instead of Johnson, if any persuasive friend like Washburne should maintain that Johnson was violating the Tenure of Office act. Welles, much more than the President, showed uncontrollable anger; and his unabridged dictionary of epithets was inadequate as he painfully watched Grant rise in the favor of the Radicals, receive the Republican nomination for the Presidency, succeed at the election, and approach the day of inauguration. And the President-elect shunned all social obligations towards the President. Johnson's feelings must be partly imagined: Welles's are altogether known.

Because of the notorious mutual hatred the committee of arrangements decided that instead of the usual procession from the White House to the Capitol, on the fourth of March, there should be two processions, side by side. But how could the outgoing President in any way countenance the incoming President without stultification? And how could President Johnson's Secretaries do less than abandon their posts at noon on March fourth? Of course, Seward and Evarts were not of that school of logic. Secretaries McCulloch, Browning, and perhaps others desired to act in harmony with the dignity of their office—to remain at their posts until their successors were appointed, then call for them with their carriages, bring them to their Departments, introduce to them their subordinates, and offer all possible assistance and good wishes before withdrawing. Thus supported, Johnson's better nature would probably have triumphed had not Welles kept alive old resentments. On the final morning Johnson balanced between going and not going to the Capitol, while Evarts and Seward in different ways suggested, and McCulloch's en-

dearing smile gently pleaded, that it was time to start. And so the last minutes of the last hour passed. As the clock struck twelve the Secretary of the Treasury sadly remarked to the Secretary of the Navy, "Well, you have carried your point."

It was a wretched incident, but typical of Johnson's Administration, so crowded with disappointments increased by persistent resentments.

VI.

Here was a period of eight years, if not of revolution, at least of revolutionary temper. It is hard to estimate, or even to overestimate, the value of a copious diary kept at such a time by a Cabinet officer. If he fails to do justice to this person or that event, it is quite likely that the failure will be due in part to contemporary influences. Thus a passage that is without value for the purpose for which it was intended—as was the case with most of the references to Grant—may truly reflect something else and become valuable in spite of itself.

One further anomaly in regard to Gideon Welles and his contributions to history: although his judgments of persons recorded in his "Diary" are usually biased, it may well be doubted if any contemporary did so much as he to bring out important facts that would otherwise have been overlooked or distorted. During the last years of his life he wrote about a score of carefully wrought articles for the *Galaxy*. One series dealt with Lincoln's Administration in general, with additional articles on some of its special features. Short series described some important naval expeditions, and the minute history and close relations between Lincoln's and Johnson's policies of Reconstruction. Less impartial, but thoroughly effective and possessed of lasting historical value, were three articles, published in book form in 1874 under the title of "Lincoln and Seward," in answer to Charles Francis Adams, sr.'s, eulogy of Seward, which with like absurdity exalted the Secretary of State and depreciated the President. All these articles have a wealth of vivid and precise details and are most lucid and convincing.

Because it was not known that their author had kept a diary or elaborate memoranda, the fact that he gave dates, quotations, minute descriptions of conversations, and the time and place of many incidents which no memory could be trusted to retain with accuracy, his articles seemed discredited by their own rarest excellencies. Many persons must have read them with equal surprise and pleasure, and in perplexity exclaimed, "Important, if true!" Because authorities were not cited, cautious writers dared not use important statements of the truth of which they were personally convinced.

The explanation of it all was, of course, that the articles had been written directly from the "Diary," reinforced by documents and a trusty memory. But the really objectionable features of the "Diary" were wholly left out, as if its passion had been repudiated on mature reflection. The times had changed, Gideon Welles's temper had changed with them, and his wildly prejudiced judgments were gone like names writ in water.

FREDERIC BANCROFT.

Washington, D. C.

Correspondence

PEREANT QUI ANTE NOS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The remark made by Professor Alden, in the interesting preface to his "Readings in English Prose of the Eighteenth Century," to the effect that most of the ill thought to be characteristic of the present age were also subjects of complaint in the writings of the period represented in his book, is capable of repeated illustration. For example, any one who is slightly familiar with the tracts of the Elizabethan period knows that the present hue and cry over the high cost of living is a mere echo of many a complaint voiced in those magazines of an older age. The mood which has led to the moral upheaval of recent years is accurately reflected in that passage in the "Colloquies" of Erasmus, in which he observes that "He that steals a little money must be hanged; but they that cheat the public of their money and impoverish thousands by monopolies, extortions, and trickery and cheating are held in great esteem"; while the scandal about the "embalmed beef" supplied to our soldiers and the agitation that has led to the enactment of "Pure Food" laws would have served as illustrations for the text, "They that poison one person are hanged for it, but they that poison a whole nation with infectious provisions go unpunished." In lighter vein is the anticipation, in the "Colloquies," of the modern suffragette. A convention of women is called, at which Cornelia presides and complains that men have (political) organizations but not women. In her speech she is constantly interrupted by other women, whereupon she loses her temper, though in the next paragraph she argues with unconscious humor that since men always disagree or fight over politics the time demands that women shall show how such things may be managed peacefully. The true inwardness of this early movement for the emancipation of woman is seen in the provision that no woman should be permitted to mention her husband.

Other parallels suggest themselves, but one of the most amusing, in these days of attacks upon our Germanized scholarship, is to be found in that delightful compound of irony and wisdom, Erasmus's "Praise of Folly":

Thus when their employment is only to rehearse silly stories and poetical fictions they will yet think themselves wiser than the best experienced philosophers. . . . Add hereunto this other sort of ravishing pleasure: when any of them has found out who was the mother of Anchises, or has

lighted upon some old unusual word . . . or can, after a great deal of poring, spell out the inscription of some battered monument, Lord! what joy, what triumph, what congratulating their success, as if they had conquered Africa or taken Babylon the Great! When they recite some of their frothy bombast verses, if any happen to admire them, they are presently flushed with the least hint of commendation, and devoutly thank Pythagoras for his grateful hypothesis, whereby they are now become actuated with a descent of Virgil's poetic soul. Nor is any divertisement more pleasant than when they meet to flatter and curry one another; yet they are so critical that if any one hap to be guilty of the least slip, or seeming blunder, another shall presently correct him for it, and then to it they go in a tongue combat, with all the fervor, spleen, and eagerness imaginable.

This violent attack must have been written near the end of a college term, a time when the discouraged professor finds satisfaction neither in his efforts to make scholars of freshmen nor in his own "original contributions to scholarship," undertaken, according to his critics, primarily to win promotion for himself. Only the passage about reciting original verses needs excision to fit the satire for present use, for, of course, professors who are ambitious for scholarly reputation condescend nowadays to no such "popular" employment as writing verse.

The one ray of comfort to-day for the struggling fraternity who live by literature is that the present output of the presses is so great that only a few searchers for doctoral dissertations know that everything has been said long ago. One trembles at the thought of what might happen were publishers and editors to find out that any material they need, from a muck-raking article to a sentimental novel, might be found in ancient books, refurbished as to style and proper names, pointed with local allusions, illustrated by some famous contemporary artist, and published and advertised in modern style, thus saving all expense for author's fees and royalties.

E. A. GREENLAW.

Adelphi College, December 10.

COMMERCIAL REFORM AND LEGAL JUGGLING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Recently the president of the National Civic Federation, Mr. Seth Low, sent to twenty thousand representative business men of the country a list of questions concerning their views on corporation legislation. The purpose of the inquiry is to procure suggestions looking towards the enactment of constructive laws, dealing with the business situation as it relates to the Sherman Anti-Trust act.

And what will be accomplished? Statements touching abuses sought to be remedied, and requests for individual opinions as to how best to correct them, make it certain that the Federation will collect a great variety of original matter; it will discover, in all probability, that it has gathered more than it can thoroughly sift, and, when the end comes, will find itself more confused, concerning the subject in hand, than it is at the present time.

"Too many men in public and business life," writes the editor of a daily journal of high standing in the middle West, "are blindly endeavoring to find some way to adjust to the Sherman law corporation con-

ditions which have grown up within the few years last passed. They are trying to so arrange matters that fictitious capitalization may be continued, and mergers and extensions made on this basis. Probably the National Civic Federation would like to have legislation which would not interfere too seriously with the development of big holding companies."

No reform in corporation business will ever come about until there is an end made of watered stock—this may be set down as final. When each and every share of stock in a corporation is made to represent actual value, we shall have fewer holding companies, and less opportunity and desire for monopoly. When money invested in an industry must be employed in that industry, instead of in speculation on the future of the business, then there will be few complaints regarding the scope and size of corporations—nothing can be clearer.

As to legal jugglery, it is out of this that commercial indirection and dishonesty has grown, and continued to grow. DeQuincy, I believe, wrote of murder as a fine art; the United States, it should seem, treats it as a means of testing legal acumen. In almost every State in the Union an indictment for murder—or any other indictable offence—contains words enough to fill a column of an ordinary sized newspaper, and sounds like the incoherencies of an imbecile. Here is an example:

That the said A. B. C. a certain pistol then and there charged with gunpowder and leaden bullets, which said pistol he, the said A. B. C., then and there in his right hand had and held, then and there unlawfully, purposely, and of deliberate and premeditated malice, did discharge and shoot off to, against, and upon the said D. C., with the intent aforesaid, out of the pistol aforesaid, by the force of the gunpowder aforesaid, by the said A. B. C., with the leaden bullets aforesaid, out of the pistol aforesaid, then and there shot off and discharged as aforesaid, him, the said D. C., in and upon the upper right side of the back of him, the said D. C., then and there . . .

The example is genuine, and isn't quite as meaningless as it looks; it expresses, in part, the theory of justice alluded to above, which turns a murder trial—or the trial of any weighty cause—into a game of skill between opposing lawyers. The slightest variation from statutory form loses the game, and no fact is better known than the fact that crimes of the most heinous character have many times been set aside solely on account of trivial verbal omissions in the indictment.

In Canada they do things differently—and the doing stands to their credit. An indictment there reads like this: "The jurors of our lord the King present that A. B. C., on the tenth day of May, one thousand nine hundred and ten, at the city of Winnipeg, in the Province of Manitoba, murdered D. C." Here the procedure concerns itself with the offence, not with the possibilities of legal sport.

J. H. ROCKWELL.

Springfield, Ill., December 9.

JOHANNES VAHLEN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On November 30 there died, full of years and honors, Johannes Vahlen, professor of Latin at the University of Berlin. Countless Americans have sat at his feet

—he continued his lectures to within two weeks of his death—and it seems, therefore, proper that the passing away of one of the greatest classical scholars of our time should receive becoming notice in the columns of the *Nation*.

Vahlen was born of humble parents in the university town of Bonn, September 27, 1830. When only eighteen years of age he matriculated at the University, and at once came under the inspiring influence of Ritschl, then in the plenitude of his powers. While still a student, Vahlen's extraordinary abilities excited the wonder of his fellow pupils. At the age of twenty-four he edited fragments of Ennius, and in the same year he became *Privatdozent* at Bonn. In 1856 he was called to Breslau as professor extraordinary, two years later he went to Freiburg as full professor, and in the very same year to Vienna, where he remained for sixteen years. On the death of M. Haupt in 1874 he became his successor at Berlin. In 1893 he was elected permanent secretary of the Berlin Academy of Sciences, a post which he relinquished only a few weeks ago. He was also a member of the famous *Ordre pour le mérite* and *Dr. juris honoris causa* of the University of Berlin. On the completion of his seventieth birthday his pupils honored him with a volume of essays, and on the occasion of his eightieth anniversary a marble bust was presented to him, the funds having been provided by friends and pupils in Europe and America.

His lectures covered a wide range of authors, preferably Sophocles, Aristophanes, Plato, Aristotle, Theocritus, Cicero, the Elegiac poets, and Catullus, Horace, Virgil, Ovid, and Juvenal. They were exclusively exegetical and text-critical, apart from the elaborate introductions, but were stylistically so carefully elaborated as to be a source of perpetual delight. Many of the accompanying translations were so admirably done, in verse and prose, that we hope to see them printed for a larger public.

But the chief influence upon his pupils Vahlen wielded in his seminary, which for nearly a generation was unmatched in Europe as a philological training school, save that of the Bonn Diocuri, Bücheler and Usener, fellow-students of his under Ritschl and his lifelong friends. Since G. Hermann, certainly no European scholar spoke and wrote Latin with equal purity and facility, but quite unlike that great philologist, Vahlen also wrote his native tongue with singular grace and lucidity.

Especially distinguished among his numerous publications are his editions of Aristotle's "Poetics," with the famous commentary separately published, and his Ennius, which in its revised issue will remain the definitive edition of this author, unless perchance Herculaneum should some day yield up something more than mere fragments of the father of Latin poetry.

If it be asked what was the specific achievement of his life work, we may say that he was the foremost champion, if not the inaugurator, of the conservative method in textual criticism, which insists on a penetrating exegesis of the text, in form and content, as the condition precedent to any justifiable conjectural restoration. In proof whereof he demonstrated with matchless skill and acumen that numerous so-called emendations generally accepted and, indeed, quite

dazzling at first glance, often flagrantly violated the author's meaning or were incompatible with his well-ascertainable stylistic usage.

Vahlen was withal a philologist of the old school, fast disappearing, if, indeed, he may not be called its last illustrious representative. The classics were to him a vitalizing force, elevating their devotees and enabling them to rise triumphant over the sordid and materialistic tendencies of our day. He clung with an almost pathetic fervor to the ideals of his youth. Though not blind to the fact that "times change," the sequel of the adage he deliberately refused to accept. And I believe he was right. For had he yielded to the strong anti-humanistic pressure exerted upon him, had he compromised with opportunism, certainly the inspiration of his life work would not have been bequeathed untarnished to so many pupils.

ALFRED GUDEMAN.

Munich, December 4.

THE CONCORDANCE TO WORDSWORTH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your sympathetic review of the "Concordance to Wordsworth" (*Nation*, December 7) could not fail to gratify those who helped to prepare the volume, or the members of the organization that helped to publish it; yet several of the statements seem to be misleading. The work was not originally announced by the Concordance Society, but by the editor, in an independent paper read before the Modern Language Association. The Society did not undertake to provide its share of the subvention until the copy was ready for the printer. The reference to the reading of proof is likewise inexact. The burden of examining the proof-sheets fell upon the editor, who was aided in the verification of references, however, by paid assistants of his own. Three friends each generously re-read about one-sixtieth of the whole, by way of testing the accuracy of pages already corrected.

At no time was the thought entertained of adopting for the purposes of the Concordance the order of any of the texts in which a chronological arrangement of Wordsworth's poems is attempted—for the reason that, judged by a scientific standard, such attempts thus far have been failures. When the excerpting was begun, and as Professor Dowden agreed, the only possible choice lay between the last edition issued by the poet himself and the edition of Mr. Hutchinson which was selected.

Wordsworth uses the word *nature*, not about 550 times, but 395 times. The reviewer probably includes the possessive *nature's* in his estimate. But confining ourselves to the singular number, we may note that Wordsworth uses *soul* 401 times, *mind* 540 times, *man* 696 times, and *love* 761 times. So far as such statistics show anything, they go to prove that Wordsworth's main interest was not external nature, but the mind of man. The inference is borne out in many ways; for example, by the sub-title of "The Prelude," namely, "The Growth of a Poet's Mind."

LANE COOPER.

Ithaca, N. Y., December 11.

[Professor Cooper's first point is well taken. In regard to proof-reading, however, it was not clearly evident from

his Preface just how that labor had been divided among himself, paid assistants, and volunteers. It was not suggested that he should have used a different text of Wordsworth. And the reviewer mentioned the number of times the word nature occurred, not for the purpose of indicating that the poet was more interested in external nature than in man, but merely to illustrate how the Concordance might help a student of Wordsworth to trace variations in the poet's usage.—THE REVIEWER.]

RETIRING TEACHERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There has been an unseemly attack by a New York newspaper upon a distinguished scholar in public life, who some time since withdrew from the presidency of one of our leading universities, and, after twenty-five years of educational work, presented to the Carnegie Foundation an application for a retiring allowance. As is well known, the trustees of the Foundation, until some months ago, granted such retiring allowances to any reputable teacher who had completed twenty-five years of service at an accepted institution, and who for any reason had withdrawn from active educational work.

One reason alleged for the recent advance of the age of retirement to sixty-five years, except in cases of disability, is that the number of applicants for retirement on the old plan would impose too great a burden upon the resources of the Foundation. That is a question of fact with which at this moment we have no concern. But there is in a good many quarters a feeling that the administration of the Foundation is somewhat lacking in flexibility. The average college teacher in America is held very closely to his work, and is obliged to sacrifice many of his scholarly ideals to classroom routine. Teachers of this kind may be capable of producing in their riper years scholarly work of lasting value, but they are commonly debarred from bringing it to a conclusion, for the reason that they have not the leisure to devote uninterrupted effort to the task. If they must wait till they are sixty-five, they are likely to be too petrified to produce much that the world would care to preserve.

Very few college teachers can save much out of their salaries, but they may, perhaps, succeed in putting aside enough to maintain a modest existence for a few years; and more than one would doubtless be glad to live on a pittance for the sake of finishing the scholarly work to which he had devoted his scanty leisure.

Why could not the Carnegie Foundation encourage scholars of this type by telling them that after they have completed twenty-five years or more of service they have in effect earned a paid-up life insurance policy, entitling them after reaching the age of sixty-five to an annuity for the remainder of their days? In the vast majority of cases the best work that a college teacher does in the classroom is done in the first twenty-five or thirty years of service, and before the age of sixty. He should, at all events, have the choice at that age as to whether he will continue in ordinary college work or devote himself to the further

investigation of the subject to which he has given his life.

This aspect of the situation has received far too little attention, and may well be considered by the trustees of the Carnegie Foundation.

WHY NOT?

Middletown, Conn., December 13.

Literature

ROMAN LADIES.

The Women of the Caesars. By Guglielmo Ferrero. New York: The Century Co. \$2 net.

The Empresses of Rome. By Joseph McCabe. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$4 net.

Ferrero's brilliantly constructed volumes on the "Greatness and Decline of Rome" have been widely read and enjoyed for their literary quality; but it is well known that in his attempts to undermine the work of ages of careful German, French, and English scholarship, he has carried with him no large portion of those whose knowledge of the subject goes deep enough to give special weight to their judgment. In "The Women of the Caesars" the characteristics of his previous method are readily apparent—his assaults on troublesome statements of Tacitus, Suetonius, or Dio, his occasional perversion of their text to serve his purpose, and his constant putting forth under the outward guise of well established fact statements for which there is no historical evidence whatever. The characters in which he goes farthest from the traditional estimate are Julia, the daughter of Augustus, the two Agrippinas, and Messalina. In the case of Livia, wife of Augustus, he denounces as absurd the suspicion transmitted by Tacitus that she had guilty connection with the successful removal of those who stood between her son and the throne. True, Tacitus does not indicate his own belief in these fugitive accusations, but before we discard them utterly we need to take a more careful account of the difference in the times than Ferrero apparently does. Most of those who take the trouble to read what ancient authors really say about Livia, rather than what a few of later date think, will be convinced that Caligula had a momentary gleam of insight when he characterized her as "Ulysses stolatus," Ulysses in petticoats.

Ferrero's estimate of Julia will be best understood in the light of a passage from the closing volume of his "Greatness and Decline of Rome": "The horrors related of Julia are undoubtedly fictions invented by her enemies. It should first be noted that such terrible accusations will seem in themselves improbable to all who believe that the average of mankind, under average conditions, are neither particularly good

nor particularly bad." The closing statement may be true enough, but to take it as of any weight in determining the truth or falsity of charges against any individual is neither more nor less logical than it would be to appeal to the mortality tables of life insurance experts to settle the question whether Terentia, the wife of Cicero, a woman given to severe attacks of rheumatic gout in her thirties, lived to the age of one hundred and three, as there is some evidence to indicate. Ferrero's positive admissions as to Julia's offences go far enough to establish the entire possibility of all that he denounces as absurd and unthinkable, and he should have been content to say, what all will admit, that particular incidents in the story may be exaggerated or invented. The real ground for sympathy with Julia lies not in denying or minimizing her faults, but in recognizing the probability that a woman of keen intellect, brilliant wit, and great possibilities as a social leader, fell finally as a moral victim to the heartless way in which her person was made a mere pawn in the game of imperial politics.

As regards Messalina, the author follows the lead of Merivale in basing upon a passage in Suetonius the theory that her culminating offence of marriage with Silius was preceded by a divorce from Claudius. But Merivale's account has at least the merit of quoting in full the text of Suetonius upon which it rests. There is no real difficulty in the construction of the words of Suetonius, as Merivale thinks, or in determining his own attitude towards the version of the famous occurrence to which he alludes. It was simply a story that Claudius was influenced to believe that certain portents threatened danger to the husband of Messalina, and thus assisted in giving her, technically, another husband, in order to avert the danger from himself. The *illud omnem fidem excesserit* of Suetonius, in its context, ought to settle at once the fact that he did not believe the story, and every existing authority confirms the traditional account, which is that the marriage with Silius was actually carried through to its consummation, while Messalina was still the legal wife of Claudius. Even with Claudius a half-imbecile and Messalina a wild wanton, we may find such action hard to explain; but before we construct a new Messalina based on the rejection of this and other attested offences of her brief career as grossly improbable, we should duly consider the question whether there is not a still grosser improbability in the supposition that the uncontradicted account of her given by various writers whose fathers' lives had spanned the whole extent of her own, is nothing but a tissue of malignant falsehood.

Ferrero's estimate of the elder and the younger Agrippina tallies pretty closely with that of Baring-Gould's "Tragedy of the Caesars," substantially interchanging the traits of the mother and daughter in important particulars, as compared with the accounts which have come down to us in the ancient texts. His handling of those texts may be illustrated by one or two references to the account which Tacitus gives of the trial of Cnæus Piso for the alleged poisoning of Germanicus, and other offences. "All the enemies of Tiberius . . . even began to repeat," he tells us, "that Piso possessed letters from Tiberius which contained the order to poison Germanicus." What Tacitus says is that he had personally heard from elderly men that during the trial Piso had in his possession a document said by his friends to contain *litteras Tiberii et mandata in Germanicum*, which comes far short of an "order to poison Germanicus." As to the specific form in which the charge of poisoning was made against Piso, Ferrero asserts that "Tacitus himself says that every one thought this an absurd fable." Possibly they did, but the *every one* is of Ferrero, not of Tacitus. He simply says *absurdum videbatur*, and the tense of the verb, with no dative case to indicate anybody else, leaves the author's view unstated, and must normally be taken as referring the opinion to the Senate, before which the trial was held. Such matters may seem of little importance singly, but they represent a method the persistent use of which must hopelessly vitiate the historical credibility of any author who indulges in it. The younger Agrippina Ferrero easily acquits of every serious charge and seats upon a pedestal of honor, as one of the noblest women of Imperial Rome. This we are to accept not on the basis of positive evidence, for he adduces none, but simply because it is absurd to believe anything else!

We have dwelt upon the fictions of Ferrero until there is little space left for the more extended volume of McCabe, who strives for completeness even to the extent of fumbling amid the tumbling ruins of the Western Empire for shadowy "Empresses" whose very names he cannot discover. In general, he makes no such attempts to reverse historical evidence as we find in Ferrero, though he too regards as "absurd" many alleged occurrences which, while they may possibly not be true, are not without numerous parallels in every age of history. Have these writers forgotten that one of the most persistent human traits is to do the absurd? His frequent attacks on Tacitus for using the memoirs of the younger Agrippina lead one to wonder how much longer the nonsense of that particular indictment is to be allowed to clog the court of serious historical investigation. Ta-

citus mentions these memoirs just once, as containing a statement that the elder Agrippina had asked Tiberius to arrange for her a second marriage. We are absolutely without proof that they are the basis of any of his estimates as to events and characters of the age of Tiberius, nor, on the other hand, have we any proof that he would have been seriously misled if he had used them. We simply know nothing about them but the one statement above mentioned, and the statement in the elder Pliny, *Neronem pedibus genitum scribit parens eius Agrippina*.

Tacitus had his likes and dislikes, and they were strong. Further, his adverse judgments have led careless readers still farther afield, and to overlook his own statements of counterbalancing fact which often furnish the necessary corrective. Thus the somewhat radical revision of opinion concerning Tiberius which has slowly made its way during recent decades finds its soundest basis right in the pages of Tacitus, which would not have been the case if he had not deliberately striven after fairness. If his historical structure could but be razed to the ground, one readily sees what fine building sites would exist for "True Neros," "Real Messalinas," "Actual Agrippinas," etc. But Tacitus will be demolished only by heavier missiles than have yet been thrown. In the meantime, it is more profitable to understand him than to assail him, and to accept his estimates, with due allowance, in preference to those of modern theorizers who base their conclusions largely on their inner consciousness.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Case of Richard Meynell. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

The Elsmere case twenty years after is virtually the theme of this long story. The widow and daughter of that defeated enthusiast appear again; and his shadow is always dimly perceptible in the background of the action. Evidently, Mrs. Ward's deep interest in the condition of the English Church has grown deeper since the writing of "Robert Elsmere." She believes that the past century has been "as pregnant with the germs of new life as the wonderful hundred years that followed the birth of Christ." She does not profess to foresee what the outcome for the Church of England is to be. "Whether the old bottles can be adjusted to the new wine, whether further division or a new Christian unity is to emerge from the strife of tongues, whether the ideas of modernism, rife in all forms of Christianity, can be accommodated to the ancient practices and given a share in the material possessions of the State Church"—these are the larger themes she here

attempts to deal with. But, of course, the interest of the story, as a story, depends on the vividness with which she may have been able to depict the play of human character in contact with these problems. One almost always feels of Mrs. Ward that, in this respect, she fares better than her intent. Here, for example, if we are to take her preface at its face-value, her conscious preoccupation is with her theme and not with her people. She speaks of the rapid and fruitful development of ideas in religion and philosophy during the twenty-two years that have passed since the writing of "Robert Elsmere." And she hopes that the American readers who welcomed that book "may be drawn once again to some of the old themes in their new dress." We suppose that "Robert Elsmere" owed its American welcome, not to the accident of its theological atmosphere, but to the feeling that real persons were concerned in the action. Of this book the same thing would be true. In so far as it is to be taken as a sugar-coated treatise on the Modernist movement in the English Church, the ordinary American novel-reader would regard it with tolerance or less. But the fact that Richard Meynell and several others who have their being between these covers are persons worth attending to, is the important matter.

Meynell is merely a country rector in the ecclesiastical scale; but he is at once a scholar in the modern sense, and a minister in the early Christian sense. His parish lies in a mining district, and he is the ungrudging servitor of villager and miner alike. But the creeds and forms of the English Church are dead to these people, and he sees the need of infusing new life into Church observance. He is in the van of Modernism, but believes that the national church ought to have room for all who love and serve Christ—or the ideal of which Christ is the symbol. The English preoccupation with the question of property rights comes into it all to a degree rather odd from the American point of view. That is, while Meynell is not concerned to retain his right to live at the expense of the Establishment, and has indeed long renounced that right, he is very much concerned that the magnificent possessions of the church shall not be sequestered from the use of those who are merely endeavoring to keep that great institution healthily alive, through inevitable processes of change. In Elsmere's day the whole situation had been different. The natural thing for him to do, with his opinions, was to leave the church. Meynell purposes to stay in and fight it out in the name of the thousands of Englishmen who share his modern views. His character, that of Mary Elsmere, and that of the bishop, have a good deal of life and charm. The rest of the

persons represent one sort or other of priggishness, and are hard to bear with before the last of these six hundred pages is reached. Apart from the incidents of religious conflict, the plot is both sensational and conventional.

Mother: A Story. By Kathleen Norris. New York: The Macmillan Co.

"Mother" has been a favorite heroine among novelists recently, from Gorky to Kate Douglas Wiggin. On the whole, she has fared none too well, figuring for the most part either as a hopeless and thankless drudge, or as a sort of ever-blooming household fairy such as never was. The "Mother Carey" of Mrs. Riggs's recent tale, for example, belonged to the latter class. The "Mother" of the present story is a far more natural person, presented, as she is, without attempt at decoration. She is the busy centre and life of a respectable village family which has been brought up to "scrimp." The father is a sufficiently amiable little weak man whose only distinction is his office of pater familias. The children, half grown up, are not markedly better or worse, cleverer or less clever, than the ordinary group of children in their position—with the exception, perhaps, of the oldest daughter, a beautiful and potentially brilliant girl, ambitious socially and otherwise, who at the moment the story opens has reached the point of rebellion against the limitations of village life. To her at this critical moment comes a wonderful being in a motor-car, a famous leader of New York society. This great personage takes a fancy to Margaret Paget and engages her incontinent as private secretary. The rest of the tale, so far as it is a tale, has to do with her gradual enlightenment as to the hollowness of the world of fashion and her discovery that the humble mother she has left at home knows more of happiness than her fashionable and elaborately idle employer. And, of course—for this is a human book—there is a nice young man in reserve for Margaret, whom she has met in the great world. It is he who really opens her eyes to the relative value of things. He is a very nice young man, and beautiful Margaret is lucky enough to be chosen of him. But it is not their little affair which gives the story its oddly pleasant savor. It is the fact that Mother, with what she stands for, supplies the atmosphere, clear and enfolding, for whatever event may chance among her own people.

Interventions. By Georgia Wood Pabst. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

If the purpose of the short story is to furnish a temporary escape from the real world into a pleasantly remodelled one, most of the tales in this collection

are distinctly successful. The world to which we are introduced is enough like reality to make us feel at home, and enough better to give us a refreshing change. It would be ungracious to complain that some of the "interventions" seem strikingly like those of the god from the machine. Poor little "Rasselas Johnson," born to millions and boredom, escapes over the spiked iron fence that bounds the Happy Valley. In real life he might not tumble into the Vegetable Kingdom of the Princess Inez, whose father is a poet; they might not fall in love and marry to live happily ever afterward. So much the worse for life, and so much the better for the story and for Rasselas. The reader will enjoy the stories for what they are—pleasant romantic narratives told in a style at times a little sentimental, but usually simple, graceful, and restrained. Occasionally he will come across a memorable character such as old Van Ander in "Turned Out to Grass," or a strong dramatic situation such as that of Dr. Winthrop in "At Ephesus."

BROADWAY.

The Greatest Street in the World. By Stephen Jenkins. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50.

To try to think of Broadway as "remote from the business parts" of New York is to impose an unwonted strain upon the imagination, but such are the words which its historian uses in defining its position, geographical and other, in the days when, as one of the two principal cowpaths of New Amsterdam, it was known as the Heere Straat. Indeed, so late as the early years of the nineteenth century, the idea was entertained of doing away with Broadway. One patriot designated it as "an accidental thoroughfare," and the Commission which laid out the city as far into the wilderness as One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street were driven by the resulting merriment of their fellow-Knickerbockers into apologizing for their optimism. In 1664, when the Dutch flag gave way to the English, and the Heere Straat exchanged the name it had borne during the forty years of its humble existence for the one by which it is known all over the world, it extended only the short distance between the bowling green just outside Fort Amsterdam, newly re-christened Fort James, and a point a little way beyond the palisade that marked the upper limit of the town, which it reached through the "land gate," situated opposite the site of Trinity Church. From Bowling Green to Wall Street is less than a third of a mile, and if Broadway had continued to creep northward at the pace that satisfied it then, it would now be displaying an ambition to reach the vicinity of Astor Place in time to celebrate its three hundredth anniversary

—which, with a spurt, it might accomplish. Its growth during the remainder of its first century, however, did not promise any such achievement, as by the end of that time it had arrived only at what is now City Hall Park. During the century and a quarter preceding 1850, it exhibited something of the spirit that has animated it increasingly since that date, advancing to its junction with the Bowery at Sixteenth Street at the apex of the present Union Square. In the past sixty years it has added to its domain a stretch of closely-built territory more than twice the extent it gained in the first two hundred and twenty-five years of its existence.

All this is Broadway in New York city. Mr. Jenkins's account traces the street all the way to Albany; although the part north of the city line receives only 114 of his 468 pages. His plan is to take the street in sections, beginning at the southern end, a simple arrangement made possible by the generally northward trend of its development. In its upper portion, however, this union of geography and chronology is much less perfect.

The book is historical, but hardly a history. It is more than annals, but it is not closely enough knit to be, or to leave the impression of being, a story. It contains little generalization and less style. More positive faults are an over-quoting of Irving, and statements of familiar and irrelevant facts. The most glaring instance of the latter occurs in connection with the mention of a statue of Seward, regarding whom the follower of Broadway's progress is regaled with the information that "He was the favorite of many of the delegates to the Republican Convention at Chicago in 1860, but Abraham Lincoln beat him for the nomination. Lincoln made him his Secretary of State, and he held that position during the Civil War." Perhaps the explanation in the Introduction, that the volume is the expansion of a lecture "to book size," may account for these bits of erudition. The *New York Evening Post*, pace Mr. Jenkins, is not located "at present at the corner of Fulton Street and Broadway." The possibilities of proof-reading are exemplified now and then, the almost incredible error being made at one place of a reference to "Alfred Edward, Prince of Wales (the late Edward VI)."

But the volume is a repository of historical facts and illustrations, to which a copious index furnishes a ready key, and which is supplemented by an excellent bibliography. There are many anecdotes in the pages, but not too many, and six very interesting maps. One would like to know more exactly when and what different parts of the street became successively the centre of its activities, to be able to trace more surely the northward prog-

ress of New York. But it would be as ungracious as unjust to fail to recognize what Mr. Jenkins has done for his readers in bringing together a great mass of detail, and so arranging it as to exhibit, in a large way at least, that impressive advance.

Monopoly and Competition. A study in English Industrial Organisation. By Hermann Levy. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$3.25 net.

Professor Levy's studies in English, German, and American capitalism have been of such high merit that an English translation of his brilliant essay "Monopole, Kartelle und Trusts" is most acceptable. It will bring to a wider public an acute analysis of a problem upon which, at present, too much light cannot be thrown.

The first half of the book is given to the early history of English industrial organization, in which the author disposes of the commonly accepted doctrine that the "freedom of industry" of the eighteenth century grew directly out of the restrictions of the old guild system. On the contrary, there intervened between the local trade monopolies of the guilds and the economic liberalism of the age of industrial revolution, a century of nation-wide monopolies with a distinct capitalistic impress. The competition of the eighteenth century was a revolt against the monopoly of the seventeenth. Of particular interest is the author's investigation of the Newcastle Vend, a combination in coal mining which existed in various forms for two hundred and fifty years, and finally gave way in 1844 before a competition coming from the development of transportation. This portion of the work will have an especial interest for economic historians, and in its succinct treatment will form an admirable supplement to Dr. Scott's elaborate study of joint-stock-companies to 1720.

But the general reader will rather turn to that section of the essay which bears upon present day conditions in England. Here Professor Levy's purpose is to show the peculiar influences that have shaped the development of English industrialism as it appears today, and his method is inductive throughout.

It is a striking fact that in England, where modern industrial organization was cradled, lasting monopolist combinations have developed very much more slowly than in Germany, France, or America, and are just now beginning to assume any importance. The psychological explanation, that this is due to the prevalence there of the doctrines of extreme individualism, Dr. Levy summarily rejects, and while admitting that the nation as a whole still believes that it has won free competition in industry for all time, shows by historical evi-

dence that it was not through any lack of disposition on the part of manufacturers that they have not imitated their confrères across the seas, nor was it because their consciences have been troubled by thoughts of economic freedom. The explanation of the lack of concentrated organization must be sought in the conditions of production and sale of the commodities which are still subject to competition and of those which are not. And here a brief summary of the author's conclusions must suffice.

In the first place, in mineral deposits, from which in all parts of the world Trusts have so often got their supremacy, Great Britain has no monopoly at all. Neither in the world's market nor at home does there exist a monopoly of any mineral of importance to industry. In the case of coal, stone, and earths, manifold sources of production and facility of transportation have prevented any combination. In iron ore, dependence to some extent upon foreign supplies and the ease and cheapness of transport, which robs home ore of the protective effect of freights, make monopoly impossible. Monopoly is consequently excluded from the sphere in which it has been most marked in other countries.

Secondly, as to the "finishing trades." Free trade is a sufficient explanation of the non-existence of Trusts in a large portion of the industries producing manufactured goods, and with this should be taken into account the fact that the protective effect of freights, which is of real significance in many countries, can to an island with but a small inland area, be of little or no importance in the case of high-priced goods shipped often only short distances by water. But in many trades, independently of freight influences, competition continues to prevail, and the persistence of competition lies in this. As compared with other countries, especially the United States and Germany, the size of undertakings is relatively small, due to the fact that the need for vertical combination or "integration," as we call it, is less. And the need for integration is less, because of the failure of monopoly in raw materials, and hence of the freedom of the manufacturer from the danger of extortion on the part of furnishers of his raw products. It is easier to start competing works in England, because the amount of capital necessarily involved in an industry embracing all processes from raw material to finished product is not required by the manufacturer.

Under what circumstances then are Trusts found to exist? In the first place, the industry must be free from foreign competition, owing either to the low cost of production, reliance upon some natural facility like a water-power, the manufacture of some special quality in steady demand, traditional dexterity, or international agreement. But even

then profit has a tendency to be relatively small, and there can be no bolstering of prices through the aid of monopolized raw materials. Hence even in the absence of foreign competition, a successful monopoly can only be established when the number of competing firms is relatively very small, and when fresh competition is not to be expected, except after a considerable period. Concentration of works and undertakings is the foundation of English trusts.

While Professor Levy will not pronounce a general verdict on the economic effect of actual prices obtained by English monopolist organizations, deeming such a verdict impossible in a country free from the influences of a protective tariff, he has no doubt of the monopolistic trend of these combinations; he declares that they raise prices above the competitive level and that they reveal their tendency in their practice of dividing markets. His most significant contributions to our own Trust problem are his complete demonstration of the monopolistic influence of a protective tariff, and of the control of raw materials. We may well ponder the following statement:

A great many industries in which at present concentration has very largely reduced the number of firms, but in which foreign competition has so far prevented a monopolist combination, would under a tariff straightway be in a position to found cartels and trusts.

Moses Coit Tyler, 1835-1900. Selections from his letters and diaries. Made and edited by Jessica Tyler Austen. Illustrated. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$2.50 net.

An instructive example of how not to prepare a biography is furnished by the life of Moses Coit Tyler, the historian of early American literature. The reader's attention is rivetted by the necessity of piecing together bits of diary and correspondence, while his agility is tested in leaping long gaps. Time and again, however, he is asked to linger over edifying New Year's resolutions or the intimate reflections inspired by a birthday anniversary. In fact, one suspects that the heterogeneous mass of material is designed to lengthen the labors of some future biographer.

The career of Professor Tyler is typical of that generation of self-made scholars of which March and Rolfe were conspicuous exemplars. Born at Griswold, Connecticut, August 2, 1835, he in early childhood began a migration westward with his parents which closed at Detroit in midwinter, 1843. The last stage of one hundred and twenty-five miles he made tucked into a sleigh with six other members of the family, behind the incomparable horse Pompey, while an older brother, afoot, drove the cow. Even as a boy he was "determined to be a scholar at all events." But on receiv-

ing an A.B. degree from Yale in 1857, he studied theology for two years and served as a Congregational minister till his health failed. For the next three years he led a precarious existence, chiefly in England, lecturing on physical culture and other topics. In all likelihood it was his letters to the *Independent* while abroad that, in 1867, a few months after his return, helped him to a professorship of English in the University of Michigan. His professorial labors did not keep him from meditating a history of the United States, toward which he continued to read during an eighteen months' venture into journalism. His work on the *Christian Union* under the editorship of Henry Ward Beecher proved so "distasteful, exhausting, and ungrateful" that he "marched out of the office with the joy of a prisoner out of the penitentiary," more than glad to return to teaching. But the unruffled existence at Ann Arbor was disturbed in the summer of 1875, when Putnams induced him to undertake the preparation of a history of American literature for the centennial year. He soon found the subject an "unexplored territory," and determined to survey it thoroughly. "The element of time," he wrote, "is unspeakably inferior to the element of thoroughness." When two volumes came out in 1879 he noted in his diary, "It giveth me huge satisfaction." Thereafter he worked more leisurely. He dabbled in local politics—thought it "fun to dip into real life once in four years." Yet his true ambition is revealed by the fact that when called in 1881 to a professorship at Cornell, he hesitated for fear the position would hinder too much his "work as a student and writer of American history."

At Cornell he settled down for the rest of his days. The duties of his department were arduous. Many new lectures had to be prepared. His health grew more delicate. He became deeply absorbed in his religious welfare, was ordained priest in the Episcopal Church, and longed to devote all his slender energies to preaching. At the same time he lost interest in his literary researches, recounting that he "would gladly work in general American history and, above all, in ethics and theology." His life of Patrick Henry, published in 1887, did arouse him—his eyes were moist as he wrote the death scene—but thereafter he came near giving up the yet uncompleted labor for a novel or a tragedy on Bacon's Rebellion. Had not his slight volume on "Three Men of Letters" (1895) been favorably received, it is doubtful whether he would have completed the "Literary History of the American Revolution" (1897), which is now his monument. When he died on December 28, 1900, he felt that much of the things he had toiled for in life were "mere froth and scum."

Remarkable indeed is the singleness

of his interests as they are revealed in the forty years of this fragmentary autobiographic record. He lived through a period of the most profound and impressive change, yet the movements of national development drew from him no expression of concern or exultation. He studied minutely the formative period of our great republic, yet the political significance of events in that epoch received scant consideration. He wrote an exhaustive history of our early literature, yet therein appreciation of literature as an art is purely incidental. In short, he seldom lingered in the world of ideas. He had a strong liking for personalities, but, conscientiously as he strove for a pleasing style, his preoccupation in intellectual matters was the scholarly ideal of thoroughness and accuracy in the establishment of fact.

The Glory That Was Greece: A Survey of Hellenic Culture and Civilization. By J. C. Stobart, M.A., late Lecturer in History, Trinity College, Cambridge. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$7.50 net.

The author of this sumptuous book has brought industry, enthusiasm, and skill to the difficult task of giving within moderate compass a survey of the civilization of Ancient Greece from the earliest traceable period to the absorption of that country into the Roman Empire, with less stress laid upon conflicts with foreign or domestic foes than upon the development of civil government and the arts of peace. He has produced (to use his own words) a kind of history of Greece "with statues and poems taking the place of wars and treaties." The book has the following divisions: A brief introduction—perhaps too brief—on Hellenism; The Land and Its People; chapters on Ægean Civilization, The Heroic Age, The Age of Transition, The Grand Century, The Fourth Century, The Macedonian World; an Epilogue, a Glossary, a selected Bibliography, and a fairly copious Index. The bibliography, it may be said at once, would be better for the addition of the date of publication of each work mentioned, even though the names of the publishers are given; and the omission of Mr. and Mrs. Hawes's "Crete, the Forerunner of Greece" (1909), H. R. Hall's "The Oldest Civilization of Greece" (1901), Fowler and Wheeler's "Handbook of Greek Archaeology" (1909), Adam's "The Religious Teachers of Greece" (1908), and Gilbert Murray's "History of Ancient Greek Literature" (1897), is, to say the least, strange.

The book in the main shows commendable soundness of judgment. The much-discussed "Ægean" civilization ("Mycenæan" or "Minoan" or "Cretan," as it has been variously called) receives

careful treatment, and the relations of this type of culture to the "Homeric" civilization are well and clearly brought out. While the author recognizes the impossibility, so long as the Cretan pictographs and linear scripts are undeciphered, of proving the "Ægean" civilization to be the achievement of any of the ethnic stocks that afterward entered into the composition of the Greek nation, he believes that "the people (Cretans and other Ægeans) whose culture we have been describing were essentially the same as we know in historic times, and of course Indo-Europeans." (Does this mean that he still holds the now discredited theory of an "Indo-European race"?) Here and there occur slight slips which might easily have been avoided; for instance, the brother of Hesiod is thrice within two pages called Persis instead of Perses. At times the always lively style comes dangerously near to flippancy; and such a sentence as "It is astonishing to find the Cretan of 1911 B. C. writing, as we write to-day, with pen and ink" is likely to mislead the unwary layman into supposing that we can date the Cretan remains as accurately as that. The literature of the several periods, when it has once emerged from the darkness in which its earlier history is still, and probably ever will be, shrouded, is for the most part skilfully and sympathetically treated. The author's leanings are evidently towards the sort of interpretation of which Prof. Gilbert Murray is the chief spokesman.

Mr. Stobart has made his selection of the very numerous and varied illustrations with excellent judgment, drawing from a very wide range of sources. A few specimens are included that have not been adequately published elsewhere, or at most in works not easily reached by the layman; for example, the contemporary marble copy of the "Agiar" of Lysippus recently found at Delphi, and the reliefs, now in Boston, which correspond with such curious exactness to those on the famous "Ludovisi Throne" in Rome. In excellence of mechanical execution the illustrations differ greatly; those from photographs are generally admirable, but the drawings are hardly up to the proper standard for such a work. Some of the plates in colors are excellent, but in at least two reproductions of vases the color is far too pinkish.

On the whole, this work ought to fulfil its purpose of imparting to those who cannot read Greek, and have neither the time nor the preliminary training for detailed antiquarian and archaeological study, a rational conception of what is really meant by "Ancient Greek Civilization." And even the professed scholar will find it not at all unworthy of his attention.

Notes

Publications of Frederick A. Stokes Co. announced for next spring include in fiction: "Vane of Timberlands," by Harold Bindloss; "Cap'n Joe's Sister," by Alice Louise Lee; "Between Two Thieves," by Richard Dehan; "A Painter of Souls," by David Lisle; "To M. L. G.," anonymous; "A volume of short stories," by Edna Ferber; "Rye's Other Children," by Lucille Baldwin Van Slyke, and "Stover at Yale," by Owen Johnson. —Miscellaneous: "A Negro Explorer at the North Pole," by Matt Henson; "The Boys' Book of Airships," by H. Delacombe; "The Curtiss Book of Model Aeroplanes," by Glen H. Curtiss, and "Scientific Pedagogy," by Maria Montessori.

Dr. Knut Stjerna's "Archæological Essays on Beowulf," translated and edited by Dr. John R. Clark Hall, will be brought out early next year by the Viking Club of London.

Books shortly to be published by Moffat, Yard & Co. include: "The Way of Peace," a volume of talks by Reginald Wright Kluffman, and "Foam Flowers," a volume of verse by Stephen B. Stanton.

"Deutscher Humor aus vier Jahrhunderten," edited, with notes and vocabulary, by F. Betz, is in the list of D. C. Heath & Co.

Among the spring juveniles announced by Doubleday, Page & Co. is Louise Jamison's "The Real Fairy Book," illustrated.

We have received from Luzac & Co. of London notice of a volume to be issued at Christmas, entitled "Hinduism: Its Formation and Future," by Dr. Shridhar V. Ketkar of Cornell; it is the second work in the History of Cast. in India series.

Early in the new year the Century Company will publish a new novel by Anne Douglas Sedgwick, entitled "Tante."

It is pleasant to see a third edition of H. O. Taylor's "Classical Heritage of the Middle Ages" (Macmillan). Three pages of Addenda to the Bibliographical Appendix are to be noted.

A critical study of Machiavelli manuscripts, the Italian editions, and the translations of Machiavelli in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries has been made by A. Gerber. The work was begun in a series of articles in *Modern Language Notes* in 1906 and 1907, and when complete will be illustrated with 147 facsimiles and numerous extracts from the texts. Readers who are interested in this undertaking, of which the first part, including the facsimiles and the comment on the manuscripts, is now ready, can communicate with Mr. Gerber by directing to the poste restante, Göttingen, Germany.

The Putnams, in this country, in conjunction with Dent of London, and Jean Gilquin & Cie of Paris, have begun the publication of a series of cheap volumes which are designed to include "tous les chefs-d'œuvre de la littérature française." It is, in a word, to be a companion library to "Everyman." The five volumes now in our hands include "La Chanson de Roland," traduction nouvelle; Voltaire, "Philosophie," extraits; Amyot, "Deux Vies parallèles," Alexandre le Grand and Julius Cæsar; Balzac, "Le Père Goriot"; Rabelais, *Cœuvres*, tome premier.

In a paper reprinted from the *Journal of English and German Philology*, Dr. Frederick W. C. Lieder of Harvard undertakes to fill some of the important gaps in the chief bibliography to-day of Goethe literature in England and America—that by Eugene Oswald, 1899; second edition revised and enlarged by L. and E. Oswald, 1909 (Publications of the English Goethe Society). Dr. Lieder finds the volume especially deficient in the treatment of periodical literature; titles are missing of many articles "that first helped to make Goethe known to the American public"—among them those by Edward Everett and George Bancroft, in the early numbers of the *North American Review*; by C. C. Felton and F. H. Hedge, in the *Christian Examiner*; by Margaret Fuller, in the *Dial*, and by G. H. Calvert, in *Putnam's*.

The second volume of "A Cyclopædia of Education" (Macmillan), edited by Paul Monroe, includes titles from Church Attendance to Fusion. Articles on the American College, College Attendance, College Boards, College Graduates, College Requirements, and related topics occupy sixty-eight pages, a larger space than is devoted to any other subject. The general historical introduction to the subject of American higher education is by President Charles F. Thwing of Western Reserve University. A large amount of information concerning college curricula is presented by President William T. Foster of Reed College, and Prof. Adam Leroy Jones of Columbia University. The extensive studies of the General Education Board, which have not heretofore been published, are summarized in a concise article, with accompanying map and table, on the geographical distribution of colleges and college students in America, by Dr. Eben C. Sage of the Rockefeller Foundation. The studies of Dr. Sage show that in proportion to the population the States of the North Atlantic division have the fewest colleges, while the Western division has the most. Dr. Sage includes only colleges with one hundred collegiate students or \$100,000 endowment devoted to strictly college work. There are 261 such institutions in the United States, out of about 800 so-called colleges or universities. The table of the ratio of the students to population contains some interesting facts. In Massachusetts it is one to 607; in New York one to 935; in Tennessee one to 2,148; and in Louisiana one to 2,211. In discussing the problems of the college, the statement of the *Nation* that "the college is the least satisfactory part of our educational system," is quoted with approval, but it is asserted that the undenominational small college "has a place so secure and so important that all the tendencies to-day in large colleges and in professional schools are serving only to strengthen it against its real and supposed dangers."

The point of view of this cyclopædia is specifically American. No mention is made of Clare College, Cambridge, or the University of Cordova, although apparently no American institution is so humble as not to have a separate title. The educational progressive, the radical school superintendent who has no patience with Greek in a public school, and who is zealous for technical and vocational training, will find much to his mind in these pages, while the

scholar of the old school will often be surprised at omission of topics which he has been trained to regard as of some educational importance. It is significant that four columns are devoted to Dancing, while two suffice for the discussion of Cicero; that Desks and Seats are allowed eleven columns, while Demosthenes, Democritus, and Euripides are not so much as mentioned. It might have been well in a publication of national scope to give greater weight to the point of view of other institutions than those with which the editor is connected; from these he has selected five times as many contributors as from the institution furnishing the next largest number of contributors.

Certainly Mackenzie Macbride, in his "Arran of the Bens" (McClurg), has said everything there is to say about that island. He extols the beauty of its scenery, declaring it to be more varied in charm than that of Italy; he traces its history all the way from the shadows of mythology, conjuring up the old Ossianic heroes and the patriots of later times who have trod its wind-swept shores and sought refuge in its caves; he describes every block of ruin, every chapel and sacred landmark, every vestige of prehistoric remains; he even ventures into geology and ethnology, discussing the mineral structure of the island and the racial origin of its inhabitants. But in all this he appears to be writing solely as a Scotchman and for Scotchmen. Some of Mr. Macbride's statements about this little island (twenty-four miles by seven) make us think of the old Dutchman who said to the tourist from over the water: "Yes, you have North America and South America, just as we have North Holland and South Holland." Each of the sixteen exquisite illustrations in color by J. L. Wingate deserves to be framed.

Abbé Félix Klein's "America of To-morrow" (McClurg), translated by E. H. Wilkins, is one of those friendly, good-natured bits of appreciation, bubbling over with good humor, at which even the most provincial American could not take offence. The author, a French Paulist father, already favorably known by his volume entitled "In the Land of the Strenuous Life," sets down in an informal and even desultory fashion his observations made during a brief lecturing tour which took him from New York to San Francisco, by the northern route, with Chautauqua and the University of Chicago as two important stopping-places. He chats about the achievements and ideals of the Roman Catholic Church, praises our universities and schools, notes with hopeful concern the pressure of the race problem on the Pacific Coast, lets politics alone, and avoids, with true French address, most of the well-known pitfalls, such as cooking, hotels, and the American voice, into which English travellers are prone to stumble.

Hugh Stokes's platitudinous assurances in the preface to his book on "Madame de Brinvilliers and Her Times" (Lane), that because Paris harbored a few poisoners in the seventeenth century, France was not altogether bad, hardly predispose the reader in his favor; yet the pages that follow give one of the liveliest and best-informed accounts of French society and civilization during that period with which we are familiar in English. Moreover, the

author's ordonnance of the lengthy and complicated story which he has to unfold, is admirable. He does not become confused in handling the tangled skeins of a mystery which has never been cleared up in all of its details, and each figure in the dual series of events involving the Marquise de Brinvilliers and the receiver-general of the clergy of France, Pennautier, is presented with life-like distinctness. The story shows a continuous increase in interest and suspense up to the final scene in which the unhappy woman expiates the guilt of her terrible triple crime. It holds the same fascination for us to-day as for contemporaries who, like Madame de Sévigné, used to write accounts of the progress of the trial to their correspondents. This is partly because the poisoned breath of the Italian Renaissance is upon characters and events. The author compares Madame de Brinvilliers to a beautiful snake. But she was none the less human. However little of ordinary femininity may be detected in the creature who poisoned through hate, she suffered like a woman, and no mean woman, but one who, though she owes something, perhaps, to the genius of her confessor, the Abbé Pirot in his marvellous account of her last hours, found somehow and somewhere within herself the capacity for true tragic expression. As she passed from cell to torture chamber, and thence, in the mean tumbrel, to the parvis of Notre Dame for her public penance, and so on to the block, she might have been some barbaric queen, rather than the meanest of murderers. Turn by turn she was torn between the threats and menaces of her spiritual adviser. She suffered far more in her terrible pride than in her racked limbs and in her conscience, and though from time to time she seemed to soften and yield at thought of her salvation, there was ever the return of the tigress mood which made her intermittent concern for her soul seem half-ironic. We are to-day much more apt to appreciate this spectacle in all its quality of profound spiritual drama, than were the onlookers in the seventeenth century, who were principally impressed by the apparently pious end of the repentant poisoner in her prayers upon the scaffold.

Wayne Whipple's "Story-Life of Washington" (Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co.), like the same author's "Story-Life of Lincoln," is a collection of anecdotes and descriptions, some five hundred in number, chronologically arranged, and giving a kaleidoscopic view of Washington's career from birth to death. The list of authors drawn upon is catholic, ranging from Parson Weems to Henry Cabot Lodge, with particularly heavy reliance upon Irving. A few extracts from Washington's journals, letters, and state papers are also included, and a considerable number of well-known historical pictures are reproduced. The scheme of the work is not at all a bad one, and has been skillfully carried out; and while the volumes are no substitute for history, a reading of them ought to gladden the heart of any one who is still a boy.

Prof. George Cross of the Newton Theological Institution has placed English readers of theology in his debt by his "Theology of Schleiermacher" (University of Chicago Press). The central portion of the book is a paraphrase or condensation of Schleier-

macher's greatest work, "Der Christliche Glaube," which has never before been translated. In 175 pages he seeks to present the argument of the original, which runs to some 1,200 pages in the best known German edition. Complete success would be too much to expect, and one who has found himself unable to understand the sketch of some philosopher in a history of philosophy, until he studied the original, may repeat the experience with this paraphrase. It is doubtful if the most studious reader would do justice to Schleiermacher's celebrated definition of religion as the feeling of absolute dependence from the page or two in which it is condensed in this exposition. On the other hand, Schleiermacher's views on less difficult subjects, e. g., his critique of the doctrine of the trinity and of the two natures in Christ, are clear and forceful in Professor Cross's paraphrase. The historical and critical introduction is well written, and the presentation of the merits and limitations of Schleiermacher's system is discriminating and just.

Teachers of English as well as of French literature should be interested in J. Bezaud's "De la Méthode littéraire: Journal d'un Professeur dans une classe de Première" (Paris, Vuibert, 1911). In this volume, as in his previous "La Classe de français," M. Bezaud claims to give an almost stenographic report of what actually goes on in his own classes in French literature at the Lycée Hoche. Perhaps the most striking feature of the "method" is its extreme vivacity. "Notre explication," says M. Bezaud, "consiste en un dialogue, où les plus bruyants éclats de rire, les observations partant comme des fusées, les plaisanteries, mêmes faciles, sont admises et recommandées." The teacher of literature in France at present evidently cannot afford to neglect any fair means of exciting interest. M. Bezaud is not alone in feeling that ever since the sweeping reform of secondary education in 1902, with the immense impetus it gave to scientific and utilitarian studies, the humanities have been on the defensive. The deeper causes of that "unjust and dangerous disdain of tradition," of which M. Bezaud complains, are of course international; he himself recognizes that other countries have their equivalent of the "crise du français" about which so much is being written, a crisis, M. Bezaud would say rather, "of taste, of finesse, of feeling, of art itself, in a word of the most precious virtues that a civilized man possesses."

One feels throughout M. Bezaud's volume the preoccupation, not to say obsession, with the *baccalauréat*—the final success or failure of his students when they appear before the examining board of the university. This preoccupation, as well as the commotion which takes place in a French family when one of its members comes up for the degree, is natural enough when we reflect how much more the *baccalauréat* means for the career of a young Frenchman than the A.B. for that of a young American, and also how much harder it is to get. Of the total number of candidates last year only 44 per cent. passed. (M. Bezaud mentions with pardonable pride that 66 per cent. of his own students were successful.) Teachers of literature in this country will derive valuable hints less from

what is distinctively new in M. Bezaud's method—its adaptation to the present conditions of the *baccalauréat* and its conversational vivacity—than from the features of it that are more or less traditional. Ever since Rollin, not to go further back, the best French teachers have, like M. Bezaud, known how to vitalize the study of literature with ideas and to train their pupils in the perception of the finer qualities of form; like him, they have refused to encourage the student in premature attempts at originality and self-expression, but have insisted on his doing his writing in connection with the careful study of masterpieces. American readers will be somewhat disconcerted by the assertion, in a passage quoted by M. Bezaud without correcting, that the Pilgrim Fathers landed on "la côte baignée par l'Hudson"; also by his own picture of "une jeune puritaine de Virginie, encore rose d'une partie de baseball."

John Bigelow died at his home in Gramercy Park, New York city, on Tuesday morning. From his eminence of ninety-four years, he looked back upon almost as many years of active life in a variety of capacities equalled by few, if any. Lawyer, diplomat, public officer, journalist, and indefatigable author, he had worked with three generations of men, at home and abroad, and continued working and taking part in affairs until the last. To many he was America's first citizen, her "grand old man." He was born in Malden, Ulster County, N. Y., November 25, 1817, the descendant of an Englishman who settled in Watertown, Mass., in 1642. After graduating from Union College, in 1835, he chose the law, and soon built up an exceptionally good practice. Even at that early age, he began to write notable articles in such papers and periodicals as the *New York Review*, the *New World*, the *New York Evening Post* (of which he was later an editor, from 1849 to 1861), the *Plebeian*, and the *Daily News*. His articles on constitutional reform, published from 1845-46, in the *Democratic Review*, a political journal, published by John L. O'Sullivan, were reprinted in pamphlet form and largely circulated. Those entitled "Executive Patronage" and "Constitutional Reform" were of particular interest, and led to contributions to the *Pathfinder*, edited at the time by Parke Godwin. Mr. Bigelow became literary editor of the *Plebeian*, and increasingly prominent in the newspaper field. At the beginning of his connection with the *Evening Post* he was particularly concerned in resisting the extension of slavery into the new Territories, and found a congenial field for the exercise of his remarkable powers. In 1861, President Lincoln appointed him consul at Paris; in 1864 he became chargé d'affaires, and then envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to the Empire. His mission to France closed in 1867. By the will of Samuel J. Tilden, one of his closest friends, he was appointed in 1886 a trustee of several million dollars, to be applied to the establishment of a public library in New York city. At the time of his death he was president of the Board of Trustees of the New York Public Library, Astor, Lenox, and Tilden foundations. In his long life, Mr. Bigelow made many voyages to Europe, and had interesting acquaintance with such men as Gladstone, Thackeray,

John Bright, William Hargreaves, Laboulaye, Montalembert, and Dumas. In politics, Mr. Bigelow was a strong free trader; in religion a Swedenborgian—he was one of the founders of the first Swedenborgian church in New York city. He was a corresponding member of the Massachusetts, New York, and Maryland Historical Societies, and had received the LL.D. degree from Union College, Racine College, and New York University. Besides occasional contributions to journals, his published writings include: "Jamaica in 1850, or the Effects of Sixteen Years of Freedom on a Slave Colony," "Life of Fremont," "Les Etats Unis d'Amérique en 1863" (Paris), "The Wit and Wisdom of the Haytians," "Monograph on Molinos the Quietist," "France and the Confederate Navy," "Writings and Speeches of Samuel J. Tilden" (two volumes), "Life of William Cullen Bryant," "Life of Samuel J. Tilden" (two volumes), "Life of Franklin" (three volumes); also edited "Franklin's Works" (ten volumes); "The Mystery of Sleep," "The Supreme Court and the Electoral Commission—a Reply to the Hon. Joseph H. Choate," "Lest We Forget—Gladstone, Morley, and the Confederate Loan of 1863, a Ratification," "The Useful Life a Crown to the Simple Life," "Some Recollections of Edouard Laboulaye," "Our Ex-Presidents—What Shall We Do for Them? What Shall They Do for Us?" "Peace Given as the World Giveth," "The Proprium, or What of Man Is Not His Own," "The Panama Canal and the Daughters of Panama," "Correspondence and Literary Memorials of Samuel J. Tilden" (two volumes), "Recollections of an Active Life," and "The Folly of Building Temples of Peace with Untempered Mortar."

William George Aston, whose death at the age of seventy is reported from London, is known as a writer of popular and scholarly treatises on Japan, among them grammars of the spoken and written language, "Shinto: The Way of the Gods," and a "History of Japanese Literature."

The death is announced of Canon Thomas Teignmouth-Shore, aged seventy, whose two books, "Some Difficulties of Belief" and "St. George for England, and other Addresses to Children," have passed through many editions; the latter has been translated into French, German, and Italian.

Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells, who died last week at her home in Boston, was born in England in 1838, but came to this country early in life. For more than twenty years she was a member of the Massachusetts State Board of Education. She was the author of "In the Clearings," "Miss Curtis," "Two Modern Women," "About People" (essays), and "Little Dick's Son."

Mrs. Arthur Stannard, the novelist, known by her pseudonym of John Strange Winter, died in London on the 14th inst. She was born in York, England, in 1856. She was the first president of the Writers' Club, in 1892, and later presided over the Society of Women Journalists. Among her numerous publications we note "Bootie's Baby," "Army Society," "Cavalry Life," "In Quarters," "Hoop-la," "A Blameless Woman," "Heart and Sword," "A Blaze of Glory," and "The Little Vanities of Mrs. Whittaker."

The Rev. Moses S. Schreiber, a Hebrew

scholar, died in New York on Saturday of last week. He was born in Russia in 1832, and, after living in England, came to this country in 1870. The last few years of his life he devoted to writing on religious topics.

Dr. Johannes Vahlen, the noted classical scholar, is dead in Berlin, in his eighty-second year. We print in this issue of the *Nation* a letter of eulogy which reaches us at the same time as the news of Professor Vahlen's death.

Science

Simple's Influences of Geographic Environment: On the Basis of Ratzel's System of Anthro-Geography. By Ellen Churchill Semple. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$4 net.

This is a remarkable book, one of the few products of American contemporary science which may safely challenge the best that has been put forth in this field by any foreign scientist whatsoever. Let us add, without any condescension, that it places Miss Semple among the handful of women the world over who are the peers of the foremost men of science. Miss Semple herself gives all credit to Friedrich Ratzel, her master at Leipzig, of whose "Anthro-Geographie" she intended at first to make simply an English paraphrase. But she has done much more. Ratzel's work, although a landmark, is, she admits, "difficult reading even for Germans." Instead of translating, therefore, she wrote a book of her own, for which, in addition to the material assembled by Ratzel, she has collected independently a vast mass of evidence. Her work is a model of logical arrangement and clear statement, and from first to last she displays unfailing control over her subject. She has so coördinated her stores of knowledge that facts take on new significance. She draws from four great sources—geography, anthropology, history, and economics—and it is a pleasure to see her lay bare the causal relations between one and another of these.

The outcome is a work which, if we are not mistaken, will have a deep and permeating influence. It is such a work as Buckle dreamed of, only he limited his vision to the geographic influence on the history of a few so-called civilized races; but Buckle lacked the great body of evidence, and possibly also the dispassionate temperament, that Miss Semple commands. She shows, too conclusively to be gainsaid, that geography—in which are included all the natural factors of environment—determines human conditions. The materialist and the fatalist will hold that their contentions are established by her manifold demonstration of the rigid interrelation between man and his habitat; but the idealist will recognize that the riddle cannot be solved in that crude fashion.

We need expect no such outbursts against Miss Semple as greeted Buckle half a century ago.

After a general introductory chapter in which she discusses the operation of geographic factors in history, she proceeds to classify the various kinds of geographic influences, and then to examine the relations of society and the state to the land. A fourth chapter, on the movements and migrations of peoples, concludes what is the more general part of her work. Thenceforth she treats in detail, with a wealth of aptly chosen and convincing illustrations, the influence of each special geographic factor—rivers, plains, mountains, oceans, and climate—upon the people subjected to it. One element—time—she bears constantly in mind, differing therein from less penetrating students, who imagine that when they have formulated the tangible factors—earth, air, and water—they have done enough. Miss Semple understands that the same valley or island may exert very different influences upon its inhabitants at different stages in their development.

A brief abstract of any chapter will illustrate Miss Semple's method. Take, for instance, her account of island peoples. She proceeds in the most rational way, from generals to particulars, stating first the relation between islands and peninsulas. She has a remarkable page on England which, through its isolation, stored up for centuries the characteristics of many European peoples, and became the home of conservatism, and then, by what seems a paradox, sent her sons to all parts of the earth, to lead "the world's march of progress." Japan has played a similar rôle for Eastern Asia, as Crete did for the prehistoric Aegean civilization. Miss Semple next examines the variations in fauna and flora, in human population, language, and customs, according as islands are large or small, isolated or in groups, near continents or remote. She cites the fortunes of Iceland, Ceylon, and Japan to show how far isolation, by protecting, may at one time promote civilization, but at another, by checking healthy intercourse, may retard it. She even does not overlook the use to which islands have been put as penal stations. She describes the effect of physical geography and climate on the products of their inhabitants. The tendency of islands under favorable conditions to become overpopulated, she discusses at length, and shows that the remedies are emigration and colonization in the case of the virile and resourceful British, while the teeming tribes of the tropical archipelagoes resort to cannibalism, infanticide, polyandry and other artificial checks.

The total impression left by this chapter, and the others, is that of completeness. Miss Semple turns from generals to particulars so quickly that the read-

er does not feel troubled by conjectures. She is alert to discover the two, three, or more causes that contribute to any given effect, whereas many investigators take the easier way and magnify a single cause, to the exclusion or neglect of the others. She is always careful to distinguish between fact and opinion, and to state frankly, as the true scientist should, the present limits of science in her field. For this reason, she refrains from summing up her immense investigations in the form of a general law, but it is certain that whoever may later formulate such a law will be incalculably indebted to her.

But the final distinction of Miss Semple's work is its style. She not only thinks clearly, but writes clearly. Whatever help symmetrical exposition can give, she gives. And though it might be hard to mention a scientific book which contains more facts on a page than hers, she puts her facts so agreeably, with so much variety, that one does not experience the weariness which comes from the mere accumulation of facts. One feels, on the contrary, that she is perpetually vitalized by ideas, to which her facts serve as markers. Possessing imagination of a high order, she visualizes principles as well as things and processes, with the result that her style is often enriched by memorable phrases. So noble a book cannot fail to sink deep in many minds.

"Dry-farming" and its application in Northern Africa is the subject of the leading article, by A. Bernard, in the *Annales de Géographie* for November. A detailed account is given of what has been accomplished by it in this country where it originated. The interest in it aroused in France is shown by the fact that the Algerian Government sent a delegate to the fifth American Congress of Dry-Farming at Spokane, and that the recent work upon it of President Widtsoe of Utah Agricultural College has been translated into French. Among the other subjects treated are topography and topography apropos of a work by Gen. Berthaut, the region of the Hardanger Fjord by C. Vallaux, and the railways and foreign commerce of China, a condensed summary of facts.

Suggestive hints on the selection of food, with special reference to the relative importance of heat and energy producing values, are offered in T. C. O'Donnell's "The Family Food" (Penn.). There are tables giving the chief elements of our food stuffs, the daily amount of each required, menus arranged to preserve a proper balance, and other data.

In his "Medical Science of To-day" (Lippincott), Dr. Willmott Evans of London endeavors to explain in simple language the more important advances in practical medicine and surgery in the last sixty years, or, at least, what will seem most important to the general reader quite unfamiliar with these matters and little heedful of the more purely scientific question involved. This endeavor is thoroughly successful, and the result is a very entertaining and attractive book of about three hundred pages. Many

topics are touched on, some of them barely skimmed over, but Dr. Evans knows how to skim for cream, and has great facility in getting at the essentials and presenting them briefly and clearly. The pictures—there are thirty-one of them—are helpful, and sometimes very striking, as, for example, the X-ray photograph of a toy bicycle stuck half-way down a childish gullet; but three full-page plates of crystals of hæmoglobin is almost too much of a good thing. Our only regret in reading the book is that the opportunity is not used to teach more distinctly the lesson of all lessons which the public needs to learn concerning medicine, the lesson, namely, that the scientific side of medicine is at least not less important than its practical and obvious successes, and that prevention of disease and hygienic measures, in which the public must coöperate, form, perhaps, the most important part of the medical progress of the future.

Drama

William Winter's "Shakespeare on the Stage" is announced for immediate publication by Moffat, Yard & Co.; also by the same house, "Neptune's Isle and Other Plays for Children," by John Jay Chapman.

In the spring Doubleday, Page & Co. will bring out Ben Greet's arrangement of Shakespeare under the title "Shakespeare a Child Can Read and Act," and "Fairly Tales a Child Can Read and Act," by Lillian E. Nixon; both will be profusely illustrated.

M. B. Leavitt's "Fifty Years in Theatrical Management" will be issued shortly by Philip Mindil.

Gorki's play "The Lower Depths," sometimes known as "The Night Asylum," was produced recently before a London audience in a translation by Laurence Irving. The part of the old tramp is said to have been rendered effectively by Holman Clark.

A performance of "Alceste" in a new version by Francis W. Hubback, was recently given at the University of London under the direction of William Poel.

"The management of the Scottish Repertory Theatre would have been abundantly justified in producing Henley and Stevenson's 'Macaire,' says a writer in the *Westminster Gazette*, "if for no better reason than that in their company they have an actor in whom the bizarre, flamboyant rogue finds almost his ideal exponent—Mr. Kenelm Foss threads his way through the final scenes of Macaire's tortuous journey with an abandon and a fervor which would have delighted 'R. L. S.'"

"The Price of Coal" is the name of a one-act play by Harold Brighouse, which has just been produced in the London Playhouse. The peculiar traits of the characters (Scotch) are brought out by the suspense created by a serious accident in a mine. The scene is laid at the pit-mouth.

The Morality Play Society of London has just made its first production, Mrs. Percy Dearmer's "The Soul of the World." Time, Eternity, and the Virgin Mary are among the characters.

When, some fifteen years ago, Arne Gar-

borg called the story which made him a conspicuous figure in the literature of the century's end "Müde Seelen"—Weary Souls—he coined a term likely to outlive his own memory. For with such souls is still concerned the greater part of European drama and fiction, and Arthur Schnitzler has become their master analyst. Being himself the son of a generation blighted by cynicism and a physician interested only in the abnormal, his latest play, "Das weite Land" (Berlin: S. Fischer), is an excursion into what seems to him a wide realm, but fortunately for the human race is merely a segment of real life. After all, only a small fraction of humanity sees in the mating instinct the main issue of existence, and spends its allotted span of life in drifting from one "affinity" to another. That the author calls his drama a tragedy-comedy suggests his ironical point of view. The central figure of the play is Friedrich Hofreiter, a master-egotist, who, in the language of a young woman who is his counterpart in modern cynicism, "gets what he needs out of every individual he meets and ignores the rest." At the rise of the curtain one of the friends he had thus exploited had just been buried, and callers at the Hofreiter villa discuss the possible causes of his suicide. Alone with Hofreiter, his wife Genia hands him a parting letter from the dead friend, which proves that he had loved her and that she had refused to listen to his plea. Instead of being moved by her loyalty—which would be hopelessly old-fashioned—Hofreiter shrinks from a virtue which has cost a life, and, going off on an excursion to the Dolomites, rushes into a desperate and dishonorable love affair. During his absence the neglected wife passes through a dangerous emotional crisis and accepts the love-offering of young Otto Meinhold. Hofreiter returns in time to discover her transgression and kills the youth in a duel. Around the chief actors in this quadrangular intrigue, drawn with admirable firmness, are grouped a variety of characters whose interplay is as fascinating as it is enlightening. Among the most suggestive scenes are those between Genia and the mother of her lover. This woman had not borne so patiently the infidelities of her husband, but at the first trespass had divorced him, gone on the stage, and become a great actress. Genia cherishes an ideal of filial love and stakes her hope upon her son, a boy of thirteen at school in England; Frau Meinhold is sophisticated and squarely faces the fact that sons are more or less removed from their mothers on coming into manhood. The scenes between Hofreiter and the divorced husband of Frau Meinhold and Natter, the Jewish banker, with whose wife he has just severed relations of long standing, also prove the author's amazing insight into the tainted souls of his world. Among them the figure of Hofreiter, repulsive though it be, stands out with a compelling force of personality, almost typifying the spirit of his class and his period. Unpleasant as the drama is in subject-matter, it is an exceptionally fine example of the author's manner.

Percival Pollard, the author and playwright, who died in Baltimore on Sunday in his forty-second year, was born in Greifswald, Pomerania, of English-German parentage. He collaborated with Leo Dittichstein in "The Ambitious Mrs. Alcott," which had a successful run at the Astor

Theatre in 1907. He also wrote several volumes of fiction, and "Recollections of Oscar Wilde."

Music

One Hundred Folksongs of All Nations.

Edited by Granville Bantock. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. \$1.50.

Ceremonial Songs of the Creek and Yuchi Indians. By Frank G. Speck. Philadelphia: University Museum.

Album of Songs. By Charles Wakefield Cadman. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. \$1.25.

Many excellent volumes of songs and pianoforte pieces have been printed by the Ditsons in their Musicians' Library, but none of them is better than the collection of one hundred folksongs made by Granville Bantock. The editor is one of the leading English composers of the day, and he has made a specialty of folksong studies. His field of research not only covers all Europe, but includes other continents. America is represented by a Pawnee war-song, a Dakota Indian serenade, and by "Old Folks at Home," "Tenting on the Old Campground," and "Dixie." Our distant neighbor, Japan, makes a pretty showing with a cherry-bloom song and a New-Year tune, in which the editor has arranged the accompaniment to suggest the national instrument, the Koto. Most captivating to those who love the exotic in music is the Chinese "Jasmin-Flower," which the editor has ingeniously arranged as a two-part canon—a canon which would appeal, one fancies, to the Chinese themselves, since, though a European device, it actually enhances the Orientalism of the tune. India, Persia, Arabia, and Egypt are laid under contribution, and so are Tripoli, Tunis, Algiers, and Morocco. Nor does this end the Oriental contributions which constitute a unique charm of this collection. Syria, Greece, Turkey, Bulgaria, Servia, Bosnia, contribute some gems, nor are the six Russian tunes included any less Oriental. Incidentally, one notes how many of their beautiful folksongs have been embodied by Russian composers in their orchestral works.

Rubinstein once wrote that a folksong which moves to tears those to whom it belongs may leave natives of other countries cold. This is true, but we are becoming more and more cosmopolitan in our taste, and Mr. Bantock's choice samples of musical exoticism therefore come at the right time, and will be sure of a cordial welcome. Besides collecting the songs, he has provided brief but interesting notes on all of them. In one of these notes, written for a Norwegian melody, he remarks that "Grieg has undoubtedly made a free use of his native melodies, and a

comparison between the present song and his well-known Solveig's Song will afford interest to many." This is misleading. The resemblance is there, but, as Grieg himself has attested, this is the only one of his songs in which he borrowed a fragment of a folk tune. His arrangements of such tunes are mostly for the piano, and are clearly marked as such. Norwegian music is still somewhat exotic, but Sweden and Denmark come nearer the normal European manner. Mr. Bantock has shown admirable judgment in his choice of German and Austrian folk tunes (how exquisite are the Tyrolean!), as well as of characteristic specimens of Italian, Spanish, French, Hungarian, Irish, Scotch, Welsh, and English songs. Nor is it merely for his judgment that he deserves special praise. He has succeeded in making the piano parts interesting without marring the simplicity of the melodies—a very difficult feat. Of great value also is the bibliography, which covers no fewer than seventeen wide columns. A further reason for welcoming this volume is that it will help along the "back to melody" movement in music. Mr. Bantock's predilection for Oriental tunes (which he has manifested also in some of his compositions) points at one way in which modern melody can be varied.

To folk tune in its crudest form is devoted Mr. Speck's monograph, the latest contribution to the study of the red man's music. The Creek songs were sung for him by a prominent leader and shaman and were all recorded on the phonograph. No attempt is made in this volume to discuss the internal qualities or comparative characteristics of the music itself, the purpose being merely to assemble the material for some one else to study; which can be done at the University of Pennsylvania Museum, Mr. Speck's treatise being No. 2 of Volume I of the museum's anthropological publications. But while the music is merely presented to the eyes (approximately, in our own notation), there are interesting pages devoted to information regarding the musical performances and the dances of the Creek and Yuchi Indians. A paragraph is devoted to the strange use of nonsense syllables. Musical illustrations are given of the fish dance, the alligator dance, the rabbit dance, the leaf, buffalo, duck, skunk, horse, buzzard dances, besides the steal-each-other dance, the drunken or crazy dance, and so on. Special interest attaches to the medicine songs and formulas. When a Creek Indian is sick he consults the shaman, who decides what animal is to be held responsible as the cause. He then collects his medicines, steepes them in a pot of water, and, in the secrecy of his private quarters, sings a magic song, the virtue of which is thought to be transferred into the medicine. Thus result

the hog the cause, beaver the cause, snake the cause songs, with others in which deer, fish, turtles, raccoons, etc., are held responsible. Mr. Speck's pages include twenty of these "cause" songs.

To return to the white man, Mr. Cadman's Album includes eleven *Lieder*, which, while not folksongs, approximate them in so far as melody is their most important ingredient. This young man is indeed the most melodious (which means the most promising) of American composers who have come forward since the death of Edward MacDowell. One of the most encouraging things about him is that he has taken MacDowell as a model, as is shown particularly in "Could Roses Speak" and "My Lovely Rose." Though MacDowell was the most individual, he was also the most American of our composers since Stephen Foster, and in thus following in the footsteps of these two men Mr. Cadman is helping to build up an American school of composition. What he needs to be warned against is writing too many songs, and publishing those in which the melody is too obvious. MacDowell never did that. The temptation to do it is great in one who has written at least one song, "The Land of the Skyblue Water," which has already become so popular that audiences greet it with applause as soon as the opening bars are played.

The Schirmers have already printed the vocal score of Horatio Parker's prize opera; and two other novelties of our season, Wolf-Ferrari's "Suzanne's Secret" and "Inquisitive Women," are in press. The same firm has in preparation a complete edition of Bach's organ works, edited by Charles-Marie Widor, and Dr. Albert Schweitzer.

Perhaps the most extraordinary thing concerning the career of the Austrian composer, Anton Bruckner, is the fact that among his pupils were no fewer than six young men who subsequently became famous orchestral conductors: Nikisch, Mottl, Mahler, Schalk, Muck, and Stransky. Notwithstanding this great advantage, and the fact that all these leaders admired Bruckner as a man and a composer, his symphonies have been surprisingly slow in making their way in Europe, and still more so in America, although all of the conductors named have been active here too. In New York city there had been only seven Bruckner performances (although he wrote nine symphonies) before Joseph Stransky, at the last Philharmonic concert, conducted the fifth, which had never been heard here before. Possibly repeated hearing might reveal strokes of genius in it; but this performance, which was admirable in every way, gave the impression of a disjointed, uninspired work, which ends, however, with an imposing climax, in which sixteen extra brass instruments, placed on a platform above the rest of the orchestra, make the desired effect.

The climax of all the Liszt Centenary concerts will be that for which the Philharmonic Society has been preparing since

October, and which will be given this evening, with the usual repetition on Friday afternoon. Arthur Friedhelm will play the A major concerto, and the orchestral numbers will be the splendid symphonic poem "Ideal," and the "Dante," which will be given with the aid of the MacDowell Chorus. This work, which on account of its difficulty is seldom performed, is regarded as the most inspired of Liszt's compositions. Richard Wagner, after hearing it, exclaimed: "There is much that is beautiful in music, but this music is divine." To his "Dante" and his "Faust," wrote Weingartner, "Liszt gave all the best his nature contained. They mark the zenith of his creative power, and, excepting those of Berlioz, they are the most perfect examples of truly artistic programme music in existence."

Contrary to all expectation, Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West" is proving a success in the cities of Italy. Rome, Lucca, Brescia, and Treviso heard it, some time ago. Then it won a big success in Turin, followed by a bigger one in Naples.

"Rigoletto," with Renaud in the title rôle, Miss Lyne as Gilda, and Harrold as the Duke, has made such a sensation in London that Hammerstein is giving it twice a week.

Bayreuth is following the example of the Metropolitan Opera House in raising its prices. Seats which ever since 1876 have been \$5 will hereafter be \$6.25. This, indeed, is going further than the Metropolitan, for it applies in Bayreuth to all seats in the house, whereas in our opera house it is only in the parquet that the price has been raised.

Weingartner is composing a new opera, "Cain and Abel," the text written by himself.

Alberto Randegger, whose death is reported from London, was born at Trieste in 1832; he was a Knight of the Order of the Crown of Italy. In 1880 he was chosen conductor at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, and for many years was conductor of the Norwich festivals and of Covent Garden. His compositions include music for the 150th Psalm, "Fridolin" (a drama cantata), and a "Singing Primer."

Art

The second edition of Frank P. Stearn's "Midsummer of Italian Art," a mediocre book hardly worthy of revival, bears the imprint of Richard C. Badger, Boston.

"Florence and Her Treasures" (Macmillan), by Herbert Vaughan, is an excellent pocket guide especially adapted to the needs of a leisurely tourist. Besides the usual information there is added a sort of historic "Who's Who," and there is rather more architectural matter than is usual in such books. A couple of pages given to walks and drives about Florence would have been useful. To omit the Church of Sant Ambrogio seems a pity. The delectable little Church of San Giovanni degli Cavalieri is ignored by this as by most guides. Michelangelo's Madonna in the Uffizi is erroneously described as unfinished. On page 164 Verrocchio is

credited with a portrait where Lorenzo di Credi is clearly intended. The bulk of the decoration of the Spanish chapel may safely be ascribed to Andrea da Firenze. An original interpretation of Botticelli's Primavera will hardly supplant the views of Dr. Warburg and Mr. Horne. Despite such minor blemishes, the book may be recommended for its abundance of well-ordered information.

A useful series of "Little Books About Old Furniture" has begun to be issued by Frederick A. Stokes Company. The authors are English, J. P. Blake and A. E. Revels-Hopkins. The first two volumes are entitled, respectively, "Tudor to Stuart" and "The Period of Queen Anne." Their aim is "to offer suggestions and a certain amount of information to that large and increasing body of persons to whom old pieces of furniture are more interesting than new, and to show that no extraordinary income is essential to making a collection." For American readers the books have the defect of their insularity. They will, at all events, prove valuable to the amateur collector about to spend a summer in rural England, where, for five or six pounds, it is still possible now and then to pick up an interesting article of furniture made before 1750. The half-tone illustrations are drawn from British public and private collections. The Victoria and Albert Museum, in especial, has supplied many examples. The authors' indebtedness to more ambitious and expensive furniture books, by Macquoid, Rowe, Foley, and others, is obvious and freely acknowledged. They rightly, for the purposes of their following, emphasize the evolution of each article of domestic furniture from Saxon times onward, and relate the design of each period to the prevailing standards of comfort and taste, enforcing their generalizations with well-selected quotations from the great diarists and other British classics. Unlike most recent manuals for collectors these works contain no special chapters on "faked" furniture.

G. Griffin Lewis's "Practical Book of Oriental Rugs" (Lippincott) is a very complete compilation for the collector and practical buyer, the latter being most regarded. There are tables of weaves and of the elements of design, prices per foot, advice as to cleaning and preservation, etc. Color-plates and halftone cuts are plentifully supplied. All in all, it is a safe and sensible guide. The table of weaves contains fifty-eight entries. Other tables offer more than sixty, but in the uncertainty of the trade nomenclature it would be hazardous to assert that Mr. Griffin's table is defective. We miss from it and from all others we have examined an interesting type of Caucasian antique which has extraordinarily fine wool and knotting and most characteristic autumnal colors. Dealers often call these rare mats Georgians.

One reads in Fred J. Melville's "Chats on Postage Stamps" (Stokes) that there are collections worth nearly a million dollars each; one is that of King George, and in addition to those of private individuals, there are various large national and city collections. Mr. Melville had previously written some twenty volumes on the subject, but in the present case he has either avoided technicalities or labelled them plainly, giving up most of his space to readable matter relating to the early his-

tory of stamps, to the great collections that have been made, to stories of advances in prices that seem almost fabulous, and to some noted instances of forgeries of valuable issues. There are seventy-four photographic plates showing rare stamps, and some of the roughly made devices that preceded the use of the regular postal labels.

"The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts and Other Collections of Philadelphia" (L. C. Page; illustrated), by Helen W. Henderson, is oddly distinct with local flavor. The author does not hesitate to chide painters who have made unamiable likenesses of prominent Philadelphians. The glory of the Pennsylvania Academy is its unrivalled series of Stuarts and Sullys. In this field of early American portraiture our author is an excellent cicerone. Beyond this, her taste and knowledge are far less certain. Her wholesale scorn of the old masters of the Wistach gallery is by no means warranted by the facts. It is the only place in America where any number of important Italian and French examples of the seventeenth century can be seen, and if this art is not the most inspiring, at least the gallery nicely supplements better known collections. Like its companion volumes on the Boston Museum and the Metropolitan, this book meets a real need. But the publisher who would issue albums of large plates from American museums, with a minimum of text, would do a far more substantial service to both students and amateurs.

"Frank Brangwyn and his Work" (Dana Estes), by Walter Shaw-Sparrow, is a large octavo with twenty good color plates and a number of collotypes. It gives an interesting record of a career that, beginning on a sailing ship, soon reached international renown in painting. Brangwyn has applied in pure color Manet's doctrine of the *tache*. The result is an impression of singular energy and immediacy. He is versatile, a fine decorator and etcher, the celebrant at once of romantic and Oriental themes, and of modern English labor. About him there is something fresh and impulsive. Few who saw The Buccaneers blazing amid the mediocrities of a Salon of about twenty years ago will ever forget the impression. Yet many of those early admirers will feel that Mr. Brangwyn has failed to temper the defects of his ardor. Much of the work has a wriggling aggressiveness that catches at first, but does not improve on acquaintance. Still Brangwyn's career has been both distinctive and distinguished, and arouses a legitimate curiosity that Mr. Sparrow's book will go far to satisfy.

Finance

PREDICTION AND INFERENCE.

Two incidents of the past week or two have stood forth from the other financial happenings of the day, not only as matters of immediate interest, but as matters with a definite and important bearing on the longer future. One of these incidents was the sudden outburst of enthusiastic prediction, in and out of the steel trade, over the prospects of that industry. The other was the Gov-

ernment's very large estimate on the cotton yield. Very great interest has been bestowed by financial markets on the first of these two incidents and very little on the second. That, however, was merely because the one was not expected and the other was. It may conceivably turn out that the industrial situation foreshadowed by the cotton estimate may prove in the end the more important of the two.

The prophecy of a "steel trade boom in 1912," ascribed to Henry C. Frick, Mr. Carnegie's old partner and an important director in the Steel Trust, had to Wall Street the peculiar interest which would naturally attach to an exceedingly "bullish" judgment on the outlook, by a prophet not less intimately associated with the stock market than with the steel trade. Undoubtedly, the first inquiry of many Stock Exchange listeners was not so much, what does this mean regarding the country's industry, as what does it show to be the attitude of a powerful financial group towards the stock market? That is as it may be; but the position of the steel trade is the matter of real concern, and Mr. Frick's opinion on that is interesting.

Wall Street's version, that "1912 will be the biggest boom year in the steel trade's history," took a good many things for granted. There are some obstacles in the way of accepting this version, even with the qualification that the avenue of such expansion would be the foreign trade. It has been so easy for prophets to lose their heads these past dozen years. But one thing is certain beyond dispute. Whether a "trade boom" in a Presidential year is usual or not, and whether Europe and the neutral markets are or are not in shape to take American steel on the increasing scale of 1897 and 1899, the American trade itself is starting rightly for a movement of expansion, and is in the right position for the maximum of achievement.

Whatever is to be said of the argument that the demoralization of steel prices, in 1911, resulted from loss of control of the market by the Steel Trust (or from the Government's attitude towards the Trusts), these facts are now wholly incontestable—that the policy of refusing to lower prices in hard times stood squarely across the path of the kind of trade revival now predicted, and that the breakdown of that policy was certain. At the present moment, the industrial atmosphere is clearing. So much nonsense has been uttered about this question of after-panic markets, and such complete ignorance of economic history and economic law has been displayed in the whole discussion of the Trusts, that people are only now beginning to understand that the markets have been following, step by step, the course of events which has followed every great financial crisis, and have been finding their

own way out, exactly as they found their way out of 1893 and 1873 and 1857. Practical captains of industry like Mr. Frick and Mr. King are perfectly well aware of this; perhaps the public at large will be more ready to recognize the truth, when the after-depression of 1907 is really over.

It is high time, also, that some plain common sense should be talked about the cotton crop. The attitude of a good part of our people in that matter, even up to the present week, has been one of lamentation that Providence has been so good to us. Having shrunk with dismay in June from the possibility of another ten or twelve-million-bale yield and another 16-cent market, they have been shaking their head forlornly, in December, over the certainty of a fifteen-million-bale harvest and a 9 or 10-cent price. With all that is said—and much of it reasonably—about the hardships of a narrowing margin of profit to the planter, it must be frankly added that this attitude regarding the meaning of the season's cotton crop to American industry, American commerce, and American prosperity, is ridiculous.

We have had two years in which not enough cotton was raised to clothe the world; in which the exorbitant price pressed cruelly on the poor; in which mills at Fall River and Manchester ran on half-time, with laborers by the thousands out of work, and in which, more than all, we were told that the fertility of the American cotton belt was exhausted, and that worse things were in store. There is an end of that, at any rate. The consumer has a fair chance again, and America again stands forth as the beneficent arbiter of the world's industrial fortunes. Exactly what and how much the actual outcome of the season will mean to American prosperity in the nearer future, it is still a little early to say. But when the long-postponed replenishing of exhausted supplies gets under way in the cotton goods trade, as well as in the steel trade—the obstacle of high prices having been removed in both—and when all the wheels are turning again in Northern and Southern mills, all of us will be studying the larger bearing of the movement.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

- Abbott, C. G. *The Home-Life of the Osprey*. Brentano. \$2.
A. E. B. *Jingles with Tartar Sauce*. Third edition. Frank Allaban Genealogical Co. Almanach de Gotha. 1912. Lemcke & Buechner.
Angell, J. B. *Reminiscences*. Longmans. \$1.65 net.
Annual of the Society of Illustrators. Introduction by Royal Cortissoz. Scribner.
Ball, J. Dyer. *The Chinese at Home*. Revell. \$2 net.
Baumgartner, R. F. A. *Medley of Birthdays*. Cambridge (England): Hefter & Son.
Bible. Revised Version. Divided into Verses as in the 1611 Edition. Frowde
Björkman, Edwin. *Is There Anything New Under the Sun?* Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.25 net.

- Blackwood, A. *The Centaur*. Macmillan. \$1.35 net.
Blucker, J. F. *Nineteenth Century English Ceramic Art*. Boston: Little, Brown. \$3.50 net.
Boynton, H. W. *Selected Poems, For Required Reading in Secondary Schools*. Edited, with notes. Macmillan. 25 cents net.
Brown, C. R. *The Modern Man's Religion*. Boston: Pilgrim Press. \$1 net.
Bullock, W. *In the Current*. W. Riekey & Co. \$1.25 net.
Butler, G. P. *Echoes of Petrarch*. Chicago: Ralph Fletcher Seymour Co. \$1.25.
Carter, John. *Hard Labor and Other Poems*. Baker & Taylor Co.
Chamberlain, Lawrence. *The Principles of Bond Investment*. Holt.
Châteaubriant, A. de. *Monsieur des Lourdes*. Paris: Bernard Grasset.
Christian, Theodore. *Other Sheep I Have*. Putnam.
Clarke, J. I. C. *The Fighting Race, and Other Poems and Ballads*. American News Co. \$1 net.
Coulomb, C. A. *The Administration of the English Borders During the Reign of Elizabeth*. (University of Pennsylvania) D. Appleton.
Cowperthwait, J. H. *Separate Reserve Associations*. American News Co. 25 cents.
Dickens's *David Copperfield*. Illustrated in color by Frank Reynolds. Doran. \$5 net.
Dickinson, Hester. *Songs on Route*. Boston: Sherman, French. \$1 net.
Dinwiddie, E. A. *Songs in the Evening*. Boston: Sherman, French. \$1 net.
Dunning, A. E. *The Making of the Bible*. Boston: Pilgrim Press. 75 cents net.
Field, W. S., and Coveney, M. E. *English for New Americans*. Boston: Silver, Burdett.
Foord, E. A. *The Byzantine Empire*. Macmillan. \$2 net.
Fox, A. W. *The Baron's Heir: A Romance for Young People*. Macmillan. \$1.35 net.
Gardner, J. S. *English Ironwork of the XVIIth and XVIIIth Centuries*. William Helburn.
Gebhart, Emile. *The Three Kings: A Christmas Tale*. Translated by J. W. Thompson. Chicago: Ralph Fletcher Seymour Co. \$1.50.
Gilman, C. P. *The Crux: A Novel*. Charlton Co. \$1.
Goddard, John. *What Constitutes Spiritual Living?* New-Church Board of Publication.
Gozzi, Carlo. *La Marfisa Bizzarra*. Bari: Glus. Laterza & Figli.
Greenwood, A. D. *Lines of the Hanoverian Queens of England*. Vol. II. Macmillan. \$3.50 net.
Groszmann, M. P. E. *Some Fundamental Verities in Education*. Boston: Badger. \$1 net.
Hackwood, F. W. *Good Cheer: The Romance of Food and Feasting*. Sturgis & Walton. \$2.50 net.
Harper, R. F. *Assyrian and Babylonian Letters Belonging to the Kouyunjik Collections of the British Museum, Parts X, XI*. University of Chicago Press.
Harrington, G. W. *Beyond the Twilight: A Book of Verse*. Boston: Sherman, French. \$1 net.
Harvard University Catalogue, 1911-12. Cambridge, Mass.
Hayes, J. R. *Old Quaker Meeting-Houses*. Philadelphia: Biddle Press. \$1 net.
Henderson, H. W. *The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, and Other Collections of Philadelphia*. Boston: Page & Co. \$3.
Henneman, J. B. *Shakespearean and Other Papers*. University Press of Sewanee, Tenn.
Hensel, W. U. *The Christiana Riot and the Treason Trials of 1851*. Second, revised edition. Lancaster, Pa.: New Era Printing Co.
Henson, P. S. *The Four Faces, and Other Sermons*. Philadelphia: Griffith & Rowland. \$1 net.
Hewlett, Maurice. *The Birth of Roland*. Chicago: Ralph Fletcher Seymour Co. \$3.
Homer's *Odyssey*. Books VI-XIV, XVIII-XXIV. Translation by T. A. Buckley. Edited, with notes, by E. Fairley. C. E. Merrill Co. 50 cents.

Hutchinson, Woods. *We and Our Children*. Doubleday, Page. \$1.20 net.
 Jackson, G. E. *Captain Polly*, an Annapolis Co-ed. Dutton. \$1.50.
 Jenks, P. R. *Manual of Latin Word-Formation*. For Secondary Schools. Boston: Heath.
 Keith, A. B. *Catalogue of Prâkrit Manuscripts in the Bodleian Library*. Frowde.
 Kent, C. F. *The Makers and Teachers of Judaism*. Scribner. \$1 net.
 Key, Ellen. *The Morality of Women, and Other Essays*. Translated from the Swedish by N. B. Bothwick. Chicago: Ralph Fletcher Seymour Co.
 King, H. C. *The Moral and Religious Challenge of Our Times*. Macmillan. \$1.50 net.
 Lansing, M. F. *Patriots and Tyrants*. Boston: Ginn.
 Lavery, H. A. *The Heart's Choice and Other Verse*. Boston: Sherman, French. \$1 net.
 Library of Congress for Fiscal Year Ending June 30, 1911. Washington: Gov. Printing Office.
 London Stories. Part 4. London: T. C. & E. Jack.
 Low, A. M. *The American People*. Vol. II. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. \$2.25 net.
 Mair, D. B. *Junior Mathematics*. Frowde. 50 cents.
 Meany, E. S. *Mountain Camp Fires*. Seattle: Lowman & Hanford Co.

Monroe, Harriet. *The Dance of the Seasons*. Chicago: Ralph Fletcher Seymour Co.
 Mosher, J. A. *The Exemplum in the Early Religious and Didactic Literature of England*. (Col. Univ. Press.) Lemcke & Buechner. \$1.25 net.
 Mother Goose Rhymes. Edited by Clifton Johnson. Baker & Taylor. \$1.25 net.
 Nansen, Fridtjof. *In Northern Mists*. Trans. by A. G. Chater. 2 vols. Stokes. \$8 net.
 Neff, S. S. *Power Through Perfected Ideas*. Philadelphia: Neff College Pub. Co.
 Nitze, W. A. *The Sister's Son and the Conte del Graal*. Reprinted for private circulation from *Modern Philology*.
 One Hundred Folksongs of All Nations. Edited by Granville Bantock. Ditson. \$1.50.
 O'Rahilly, Egan. *Poems*. Translation, notes, and indexes. Second edition, revised. (Irish Texts Society.) London: Nutt.
 Page, T. N. Robert E. Lee, Man and Soldier. Scribner. \$2.50 net.
 Parker, Theodore. *Saint Bernard, and Other Papers*. Edited, with notes, by C. W. Wendte. Boston: American Unitarian Assn. \$1 net.
 Pisani, P. *L'Eglise de Paris et la Révolution*. IV, 1799-1802. Paris: Picard.
 Potter, O. M. *A Little Pilgrimage in Italy*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. \$4 net.

Price, W. R. *The Symbolism of Voltaire's Novels*. (Col. Univ. Press.) Lemcke & Buechner. \$1.50 net.
 Riley, James Whitcomb. *When She Was About Sixteen*. Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill.
 Roberts, E. *Famous Chemists*. Macmillan. 80 cents net.
 Roe, M. L. *Through the Narrows*. Boston: Sherman, French. \$1.35 net.
 Rolt-Wheeler, Francis. *The Boy with the U. S. Census*. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. \$1.50.
 Ryan, D. J. *The Civil War Literature of Ohio*. Cleveland: Burrows Bros. Co.
 Schuster, Claud. *Peaks and Pleasant Pastures*. Frowde.
 Skinner, A. W. *Selections for Memorizing*. Complete Books One, Two, and Three. Boston: Silver, Burdett.
 Slocum, S. E., and Hancock, E. L. *Text-book on the Strength of Materials*. Revised edition. Boston: Ginn. \$3.
 Sollas, W. J. *Ancient Hunters*. Macmillan. \$4 net.
 Watts, H. M. *The Wife of Potiphar, with Other Poems*. Philadelphia: Winston Co.
 Wentz, W. Y. E. *The Fairy-Faith in Celtic Countries*. Frowde. \$4.15 net.
 Zola. *For a Night: The Maid of the Dawber*; *Complements*. Translated by A. M. Lederer. Philadelphia: Brown Brothers. \$1 net.

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